

# AMERICA

## RELIGION NOT DETERMINED BY NATIONALITY OR RACE

Frank H. Sampson

### Betty (Too Two) Stays at Home

Katherine Terry Dooley

### Brighter Spotlights

Sister Rose Marie

### Reconversion Of Industry

Benjamin L. Masse



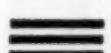
CURRENT  
COMMENT

EDITORIAL  
OPINION

READERS'  
LETTERS

THEATRE  
CRITIQUE

PREVIEW  
OF FILMS



### CONTEMPORARY READINGS IN THE HIGHER SOPHISTRY

Walter J. Ong

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXX

15 CENTS

NUMBER 13

# JANUARY 1, 1944

INTO OUR OFFICE came, recently:

A Naval Chaplain: he was expecting to cross the Atlantic, by plane or ship . . . or perhaps it was the Pacific . . .

A Sergeant in the Rangers: he was straight-eyed and alert; he was hoping to be one of the first ashore when the pushing began in Europe . . .

An Officer in the Army Air Force: he had been at the center of air operations in England; he thought he might be going back . . .

And many others came, and have gone, east and west and north and south . . .

And many others have written from Africa and Italy, England and Ireland, Hawaii and Australia and New Zealand . . .

FROM OUR OFFICE, help send some printed pages to the soldiers, sailors and marines, to the women in army and navy and marine uniform, to the nurses and the Red Cross workers—across the oceans . . .

Abroad—after serious service, after some relaxation—they want serious reading. . . . Off-duty, these men and women of the people's army, want to think and seek the sparks of thought. . . . They want periodicals, pamphlets, books. . . . Some want the frippery stuff, but a great number of them—and they count—want what they will remember later, what they can think about now. . . .

TO OUR OFFICE send your order for printed matter to be mailed to the men and women serving abroad. . . . Use the surplus left after Christmas for generous New Year gesture to the knowns or the unknowns—across the ponds. . . . A check list for your choice is to be found on the inside back cover. . . . We will wrap and pack and address and put the stamps on your gift: send the address if you have someone special in mind; or tell us to pick a good address,—of some center abroad, where the service men and women gather.

See Inside Back Cover

THE AMERICA PRESS

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# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 1, 1944

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## WHO'S WHO

FRANK H. SAMPSON contributes a New Year's thought to world understanding by exploding another widespread racial fallacy—the idea that certain races naturally gravitate to certain religious sects. Mr. Sampson, a graduate of the Swedish Lutheran Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, was converted to the Catholic Faith in 1922. . . . WALTER J. ONG has the time of his life dissecting the editorial techniques by which *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* make little facts grow into big impressions. Mr. Ong, a former instructor in English at Regis College, Denver, is now studying theology at Saint Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE writes the second, and concluding, chapter in his discussion of the huge job—and enormous potentialities for the economic future of America—involved in converting industry from war to peace production. Father Masse is a member of the AMERICA Staff. . . . SISTER ROSE MARIE takes up where John D. Donoghue left off (issue of October 2), with regard to spotlighting the outstanding achievements of Catholic institutions in American cultural and scientific life—with special reference to our Latin-American visitors. Sister Rose Marie teaches in the English Department of Nazareth College, Rochester, New York. . . . KATHERINE TERRY DOOLEY, mother of four children, does not see eye to eye with J. Paul Wagner (AMERICA, November 9) about taking restless cherubs to Sunday Mass. Mrs. Dooley lives in South Bend, Indiana. . . . DANIEL J. BERRIGAN, a student of philosophy at Woodstock College, points the connection between a disciplined faith and poetic technique. . . . SISTER DOLORICE, O.P., tells a very human little story of how one teacher made school make sense to a "dumb bunny."

# NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

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AT the dawn of the New Year, we wish our readers happiness and joy. We say those words in the spirit of faith in God's Providence and God's goodness. Without that faith there would be little prospect for any happiness in a year that is certain to bring privations greater or less to all of us, sorrow and bereavement to vast numbers, as the grim price of that victory which we hope and pray may come before we turn the calendar to 1945. But God can work joy where man can find only sorrow, and so we fervently repeat our wishes.

But to wish happiness is not enough. The turn of the New Year urges us to say, briefly and plainly, what we judge is supremely necessary to do right at the beginning of this year, if there is to be happiness—humanly speaking—in the years that will follow. The date reminds us that the time is slipping past. There is a duty as yet undone. It can be done now; the means are at hand, the opportunity is plain, the urgency is supreme. Our particular New Year's message is concentrated upon one primary matter, which is to beg our readers by all that is in their power to make universally known the minimum requirements for a just peace, a just world order, as already stated by the religious leaders of the United States.

The statesmen who met at Moscow and Teheran raised hopes in the minds of millions that out of their agreements and their conferences there should emerge an international organization which would effectively promote political and national security. The creation of such an organization will be the fulfilment of ideas expressed, during the first World War, by Pope Benedict XV, and in these later times by Pius XI and Pius XII.

But statesmen alone, no matter how powerful or how ingenious, cannot create such an organization, unless they have the backing of the political leaders in the several countries, and most of all in our own. And our own political leaders, our Senators and Congressmen, can accomplish nothing unless they have the backing of the people as a whole.

The purpose of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious leaders who on October 7 issued the Declaration on World Peace was not merely to make a statement, as a matter of record, but to provide the initial text for a nation-wide campaign of enlightenment and study concerning the minimum requirements of a just world order. The statement did not claim to declare in full even these minimum requirements. There are some matters, for instance, which Catholics would wish to include, as there are some which would be specially stressed by Protestant or Jewish groups. But it declared those matters which *could* be agreed upon.

It is impossible to ignore the effect the issuing of this statement has had upon the decisive vote of the Senate on the revised Connally resolution

and its far-reaching implications. The collaboration of forty-four nations in the formulation of the UNRRA showed that certain steps could easily be taken, where there was a will and way, toward the formation of an international organization for limited purposes, and the spirit shown at Atlantic City was an indication in itself of the possibility of international participation for a much wider and more permanent objective. But these initial gains are meaningless unless actively followed up.

Much activity has already been displayed by all the religious groups concerned in the matter of spreading the knowledge of the Seven-Point Declaration and its significance. One of the most recent examples of such activity is the printing of the Fourth Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace (8 West Fortieth Street, New York 18). AMERICA, in its special featuring of the Declaration in its issue of October 9; the Catholic press in general through the country; the Catholic Association for International Peace, with reprints and study outlines; and many diocesan chanceries have cooperated in making the Declaration available in large quantities and attractive form. But all this is only a beginning, a mere sample of the widespread and vigorous activity which is needed if the principles are to be generally known that are contained in this Declaration and its kindred documents: the Papal Peace Plans, the peace programs of the Central Verein, Knights of Columbus, etc.

Literature is being given easy and wide currency which preaches an attractive but dangerously deceptive moral cynicism as to any form of international institution. The spirit nurtured by such propaganda is readily fomented for political purposes, and can soon obliterate whatever gains have been made in the cause of an effective international morality. There can be no resting upon past laurels. Unless the principles contained in the Declaration, together with its interpretation in the light of our full Catholic teaching as to the natural law and supernatural grace and charity, are preached in every Catholic parish in America, penetrate every home, school and Catholic organization, we shall have only ourselves to reproach for our neglect.

The articles and editorials of AMERICA are consistently directed toward the explanation and development of these essential peace points. They frequently show their application to current events. Literature is easily obtainable from other publications, from diocesan agencies and from leading Catholic organizations. The path is cleared for a vigorous start with the New Year. It is a question of *now or never* making plain our stand on that essential platform which can bear no whittling down, if the world is not to be overwhelmed by a Third World War.

**Domestic Unity.** As 1943 drags to an end in blood and suffering, the nation might well pause for a moment to thank God that the rising class strife which characterized it has so far caused no serious break in the production of war materials. In all truth, the situation on the home front is none too good. "There is bitterness abroad in the land today," said Henry J. Kaiser recently, "class conflict and deep antagonisms, men hating each other without cause." And Judge James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, was no less emphatic in his moving radio address just a few weeks ago. But it was reserved to Charles E. Wilson, Executive Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board, to sound the most dramatic warning of all. He knew of no other period in American history, he told the National Association of Manufacturers assembled in convention at New York, except perhaps the Civil War, "when there has been so much need for unity in our country, and so few signs of it, as at the present time." Then, pointing to the explosive potentialities of the approaching election year, this former President of General Electric bluntly said that he was "deeply alarmed today over the possibility that a right-wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our traditions as to imperil the entire structure of American life as we know it." There can be no doubt that responsible leaders are deeply worried by the drift of events at home. May their words of warning fall on good ground and bring forth abundant fruit in the year ahead of us.

**States' Rights.** Leaving the gallery of the House of Representatives some months ago, a soldier on furlough was reported to have asked bystanders: "Don't those Congressmen know that the Civil War ended back in 1865?" Whatever the answer to that may be, issues dating from generations back are very real these days on Capitol Hill. The soldiers-vote bill was defeated in the Senate by the defection of Southern Democrats who professed to see in it an infringement of the right of States to determine voting qualifications. On the same grounds, the anti-poll-tax bill was fought unsuccessfully in the House and will be opposed, perhaps with more success, in the Senate. The chief opposition to the Lea Civil Aviation bill comes from the railroads, which are barred from air transportation by its provisions, and from State officers who object to granting the Federal Government exclusive power to regulate air transportation. To circumvent the Justice Department in its anti-trust suit against the Southeastern Underwriters Association, the insurance lobby so successfully raised the cry of States' Rights that the Senate Judiciary Committee reported out a bill which would exempt fire-insurance rate-making from regulation under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The student of social history cannot help noticing that certain political groups will prosecute or will abandon the issue of States' rights as happens to suit their own particular interests or prejudices. Such a course, far from furthering the cause of States' rights, is apt in the long run to jeopardize it.

**Bolivian Upset.** Changes in government result, in the United States, from the elections. In countries lacking our political maturity, changes come from revolution. This seems to have happened in Bolivia on December 20. The overthrow of President Peñaranda, signified by his words: "I resign the Presidency in obedience to the will of the people and the Army," was not a civil war. It was a political upset, brought on, not through ballots—for fair and free elections have not yet come to flower in Bolivia—but by force and gunfire. The point for us is the political motive behind this violent exchange of governors. As reported in an interview to the United Press, the dissatisfaction arose from a failure to live up to the constitutional provision for honest elections, and from the deeper fault of an oligarchic rule carried on only in the interest of a narrow ruling class. First reports say there is much "tin" in the revolt, not indeed a struggle for the profits of tin mines but for social justice among the miners, and in general among all classes of Bolivian society. In this country we can never applaud the substitution of bullets for ballots. We may, nevertheless, hope that the new regime gives early attention to the rights of its weaker and poorer classes. Bolivia may not need ocean ports for its internal welfare. What it certainly needs is social peace based on economic democracy.

**Use of Gas.** Horror-struck readers saw the New York *Daily News* (December 13) come out for the use of gas in fighting our enemies. The millions who read the editorial must have thought at once: will the enemy do that to my boy? Leaving aside for the time the fact that barbarous methods of warfare are considered immoral among all civilized nations and are banned by their military codes, the folly of this proposal is shocking. The present war is awful enough in the terrific destruction and carnage made by modern weapons, particularly air weapons. Add to that the positive hunger, the disease, the fear and despair of women and children and other non-combatants in the war zones and occupied lands. Surely no one would make it more horrible. And no one in his senses would directly invite the Nazis and the Japanese to turn this weapon and others even more terrible against us and our Allies. The last stages of conflict will not diminish its intensity. Let us not make of it a universal shambles, by adding further devices to the arsenal of war.

**Science and Mystery.** When the devotees of materialistic science admit the existence of mysteries, it has been the custom among the intelligentsia to say that the admitters have given up science. For, in the short-sighted thinking of nineteenth-century rationalists, man could find all truth by the power of reason and of science (with capitals). Evidence is accumulating, however, to the effect that an important group of earnest and careful scientists, some leading spirits in the psychiatric profession, have come the full distance from extreme denial of mysteries, and of the place of Providence in human behavior, to a recognition that at the basis

of conduct one finds depths actually unfathomable except by the aid of Revelation. The curative value of belief in certain revealed mysteries is something already familiar, as a matter of scientific observation, to these leading psychiatrists. But evidence exists that careful observation of the curative value of mysteries has been leading them to a direct admission of the objective existence of these mysteries, and the function of Revelation in making them known to man. Men learn in three media: empirical discovery, reasoning, and a revealing of higher truth by God. The acceptance of all three of these media as a path to knowledge is being seen by these scientists as the only adequate answer to the questions posed by psychiatry.

**Radio After the War.** The technique of radio propaganda, now so conspicuous for its malignant effects in inciting war hatreds and spreading falsehoods, can yet be used to win the peace. This is the gist of a study on radio after the war, appearing in the January number of *Foreign Affairs*. The problem of re-educating Germany must call for the full utilization of that same radio which has spewed forth venom and lies. Nowhere are people so "radio conscious" as in Germany, and this fact should not be neglected by the occupation authorities. The first rule, says the writer, John B. Whitton, is to tell the truth; in the long run, objectivity and fair-mindedness are the surest instruments for dealing the death blow to Nazi doctrines and the myth of Nazi superiority. Such a policy would gain tremendously through comparison with Nazi tactics, in which truth is not an object. The German radio has some admirable features which should be retained. The fine system of radio chains should be kept in operation and the army of trained personnel should be left at their posts, with the exception of those in the higher positions who have been directly connected with policy-making and propaganda. The policy of issuing free licenses to families unable to pay the annual tax is worth continuing. Finally, in the realm of long-range policy, measures must be taken to prevent the use of radio propaganda as a peace-time weapon of perversion and terror, and to make it rather a vehicle of world unity and understanding.

**New Archbishop of Westminster.** Announcement is made of the Holy See's appointment of the Most Rev. Bernard Griffin, D.D., Bishop of Abya, to be the successor of Cardinal Hinsley in the important position of Archbishop of Westminster, England. Archbishop Griffin was Auxiliary to the Most Rev. Thomas Leighton Williams, Archbishop of Birmingham, and enjoys a reputation for special interest in social questions. He was born February 2, 1899, and was consecrated Bishop July 30, 1938. He had been active in youth movements and was administrator of the large group of homes, hospitals and orphanages at Coleshill, near Birmingham. In the first World War, Msgr. Griffin served in the Royal Navy Air Force and later in the RAF. His extensive practical experience ought to be a considerable advantage to him in the difficult postwar years.

## UNDERSCORINGS

MOST Rev. Antonio Mantiero, Bishop of Treviso in Italy, has asked the Holy Father to intervene in stemming the frequent arrests of Catholic priests by the Fascist authorities in German-occupied Italy. *Religious News Service* reports an increase in the number of these arrests.

► Early in December the Nazis arrested the Bishop of Cremona, Most Rev. Giovanni Cazzini. His sermons denouncing anti-Semitism were construed by the authorities as "anti-Fascist activity." Roberto Farinacci denounced him as "morally responsible" for any anti-Fascist outbreaks in his diocese as well as for any "necessary reprisals" taken by the Fascist regime.

► Blessed Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini will soon be canonized, according to the N. C. W. C. *News Service*. On January 11 the Sacred Congregation of Rites meets in the presence of the Holy Father to discuss the pronouncement of the *Tuto*, the decree that her cause may safely proceed.

► In Jerusalem the Holy Sepulchre, containing the Sacred Tomb of Our Saviour, is now reopened for private prayer, though not for the celebration of Mass or any other religious service. External processions, such as those to the shrines of the ancient Basilica, may not approach the Tomb of Our Lord. For several months the Holy Sepulchre has been closed both to worship and the public, for reasons which have not been divulged by the authorities in the city.

► The Republic of Uruguay has finally adopted as law the bill for a minimum wage and family allocation, for which the Catholic Party, *Unión Cívica*, has been conducting an active campaign during the past eleven years.

► Meanwhile in Mexico the Military Code has been amended so as to prohibit soldiers in uniform from entering any church. As amended, Article 31 of the Code reads, in part: "the rites of the different religious creeds do not accord with the dignity of the military uniform and insignia, nor with the martial manner and severity inherent in the personality of every soldier." Mexican anti-clericals apparently do not see how ridiculous this measure makes their Government appear, in the face of nations all over the world. Unhappily President Avila Camacho signed the decree approving this amendment. Alfonso Junco asked in his column in *Novedades*: "What reason of public safety, what exceptional pressure induces us . . . to require Mexican soldiers to remove their natural costume when they wish to exercise their natural right with respect to religion?"

► More than 100,000 Mexican workers participated in the Fifth National Labor Pilgrimage to the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The pilgrimage was organized by the Catholic labor group, *Obreros Guadalupanos*. The plan had been opposed vigorously by the notorious Vicente Lombardo Toledano and his fellow labor agitators, but the protective cordon of Capital police prevented any such outbreaks of violence as past processions had witnessed.

## THE NATION AT WAR

IN the week ending December 20, important events have occurred in several parts of the world. The intensity of the war is increasing as the British and American forces become larger and stronger.

The Russians have captured the important city of Cherkasi, which is on the Dnieper River. They are now engaged in attempting to advance inland to the mining and industrial region around Krivoi Rog. A previous attempt to secure this valuable area was stopped by a German counter-offensive.

The new advance had not reached the line which the earlier attack had attained, before it also met a German attack, as this report was written. Regardless of the result, the Russians have, through taking Cherkasi, widened their hold west of the Dnieper River to 190 miles, double what it was before.

In the area west from Klev, the Germans are slowly approaching that city. Their greatest gains have been about three miles a day, and they yet have forty miles to go. This battle, which is very fierce, is an attrition battle. The object is to kill. Gains of territory, while by no means negligible, are secondary. That side wins which causes proportionately higher losses than it receives. Both sides are keeping their losses secret.

In China the Japanese have made their semi-annual raid to Lake Tung Ting and Changteh. Reports as to the results are contradictory and produce uncertainty. China admits heavy losses, and claims to have disastrously defeated and driven out the enemy. Japan claims that it made the raid to destroy rice and other supplies. Having accomplished their purpose, the Japanese troops returned to where they came from, claiming to have had but insignificant losses.

The American 14th Air Force has helped the Chinese by bombing the Japs, and attacking their planes. They did valiant work, but are silent as to what happened on the ground.

American troops for the first time have landed on New Britain Island at Arawe, which is near the southeast end. The big Jap base of Rabaul is at the northwest end, some 300 miles away, all jungles and mountains. It may take some time to traverse this distance. The main landing was nearly unopposed, only one American being killed. A small Jap force was three miles off to one side. An American Commando force of 150 men tried to land opposite it before daylight, but was driven back with losses. Then the Japs in turn were driven out by troops coming overland from the main landing area.

In Italy, French and Italian troops have joined the Americans and British in the battle line. They were warmly welcomed. The Italians were beaten in their first attack, but did better the second time. The French are Berbers from Morocco, but with French officers.

The Allies in Italy are advancing by daily small jumps. Mountain fighting against an experienced and determined enemy is a tough job, and clearing Italy of the Germans will take time.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

WITH the New Year the spotlight will inevitably turn again on the President and the problems that confront him personally. I notice that last week one Washington correspondent listed seventeen such problems, but when the list was finished none of them could have seemed to him terribly important beside the international puzzles which the President has on his mind.

Nevertheless, you cannot stop Washington at the beginning of a Presidential-election year from figuring up profit-and-loss and guessing about results to come. It is the Capital's most exciting pastime.

It must be confessed that there is a great deal of pessimism in the Capital at the end of the year, but when all is said and done it must also be confessed that most of it stems from personalities, with Messrs. McNutt, Donald Nelson and Elmer Davis as the principal storm centers, and various labor leaders and military and naval officers as minor disturbances.

The fact of the matter is that, apart from certain well publicized complaints, the civilian services have done extraordinarily well. Mr. McNutt, of course, is not liked by the press, but a great improvement has been made in the manpower situation. Part of this was luck, since war production has passed its peak, but a good deal was due to good administration also. War production also has made a marvelous record, and hundreds of bottlenecks have been abolished. This may have been due to Mr. Charles Wilson but, making allowance for the press' flair for dramatic conflict, Mr. Nelson must get his praise, too. The complaint against him before was for not delegating enough authority, but now that he has done it, they play up his subordinate.

As for Elmer Davis, it is now being recognized that he was not responsible for the Cairo and Teheran fiascos in news coverage. Upon his return from his travels, the President promptly took responsibility by changing the rules for news releases. We can certainly count now on better care being taken of the American people in giving them information of the war, as a direct result of former faults.

A much more serious problem faces the President on the political field. If he loses a majority in the House—and, of course, if a Republican President is elected—there will be a great turnover in the Government. If a Republican House is elected, Mr. Roosevelt may, with his great elasticity, try to be a Republican President, if he is re-elected himself. If he is not re-elected, his troubles are over. But few people outside Washington realize what such changes will mean in the Government.

It is possible, of course, that a Republican President may announce in advance that he will make as few changes as possible in the present personnel. It is not very probable. Local pressures on him will be very great. His most important problem will be to make the replacements with the least possible friction.

WILFRID PARSONS

# RELIGION IS NOT DETERMINED BY NATIONALITY OR RACE

FRANK H. SAMPSON



RACISM is a word which we have heard a great deal during the last few years, since the Nazis made it the basis for their ideology and even decked it out in the trappings of a religion. Not that they invented the idea (did we not hear much not so many years ago of Anglo-Saxon supremacy?); they merely carried out the idea with Teutonic thoroughness and ruthlessness. Nor is the connection between race and religion an entirely new one. For example, have we not often heard that the division of Europeans and Americans into Protestants, Catholics and Eastern Orthodox is really due largely to race? Thus Protestantism is the religion of Teutons or Nordics, as is Catholicism of the Latins and Celts, and Orthodoxy of Greeks.

Usually in the background, and sometimes in the foreground, has been the idea that, as the Nordics were superior, so was Protestantism, and that Catholicism and Orthodoxy were fit only for the not-so-superior Latins, Celts and Slavs. Or, to look at it the other way around, the Nordics showed their superiority by adopting the more "advanced and progressive" Protestantism whereas the other races, being inferior, were content with "reactionary, obscurantist" forms of religion. How often it has been asserted that the freedom-loving Teutonic peoples were chafing under the tyranny of Rome and longed to replace the showy, external Roman Rite by a simpler, more spiritual worship.

On the other hand, some Latins—Catholic and even not-so-Catholic—have unduly magnified the connection between Catholicism and Latin culture, as if there were some necessary bond between the two. Similarly, Russians have often proclaimed that the Slavic soul was more deeply spiritual than the Western soul, immersed in a multitude of activities, and that Orthodoxy was likewise superior to the activistic, mechanical religions of the West.

One need not be a profound thinker to grasp that such religious racism is a dagger thrust at the very heart of Catholicism, which claims to be the universal religion. If the Church is Roman, not merely in the sense that its center of unity is at Rome, but because it is the religious expression of the Romance peoples; if it is Latin, not merely in the sense that Latin is its official language, but also because it is tied up with Latin culture, then it certainly is not Catholic. Then that glorious title is as meaningless as is that of Catholic Apostolic when applied to the tiny body of Irvingites. If Nordics or Slavs are above or below the message of

the Church, it is not the Church which Christ commissioned to teach all nations.

Of course science shoots the whole theory of racism quite full of holes, for the so-called races are largely figments of the imagination—being actually a mosaic of racial mixtures. It is nationality, not race, that marks out the Englishman, the Frenchman and the rest. It is similarity of language more than of blood that unites the Teutons, Celts, Latins or Slavs. I have seen it asserted that there is more Celtic blood in Germany than in Ireland—which may be the literal truth or a slight case of exaggeration; but is hardly an unmitigated falsehood.

But even if these races were really separate and distinct groups, still the theories of religious racism would not hold water, at least as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. They have a degree of plausibility when applied to the Protestant or Eastern Orthodox bodies, for nationalism is of the essence of many of them. Thus Eastern Orthodoxy is really Eastern. The Church of England is distinctly English in its love of compromise, in its irrational conservatism—retaining old forms while discarding their meaning—and in its dislike of emotion. It is perhaps significant that it has never been popular with the Celtic peoples. Lutheranism is largely confined to the Germans and Scandinavians, and it is a plausible theory that its tendency towards passivity and mysticism of a sort makes it unpalatable to the more practical and activistic Anglo-Saxons and Latins.

But even in the case of these and similar bodies, there is need for caution, particularly if one distinguishes between their essential and non-essential features. Lutheranism may suit the German and Scandinavian temperament; but the Methodists, Baptists, Pentecostalites and other bodies have made great inroads in the strongholds of the Confession of Augsburg. On the other hand, though even some Lutherans doubted whether their faith could be "translated" into English, Lutheranism has enjoyed great prosperity in this country since it has become Anglicized. Anglicanism may fit the English soul like a glove, but a large minority in England and a large majority in the United States and the Dominions prefer to feed in other spiritual pastures. Among the Anglican faithful, a large minority is absorbing Catholic beliefs and practices in large doses and coming back for more. Orthodoxy may not be acceptable to Westerns in its

Eastern garb; but there is a marked affinity between it and High Church Anglicanism.

But if religious racism wobbles as a basis for those bodies which do not claim to be catholic or universal, it breaks down completely when applied to that Church which calls itself, and is, Catholic.

It breaks down historically, for the Teutonic nations were Catholic for a far longer period than they have been Protestant. The Anglo-Saxon Church, founded by missionaries from Rome itself, was noted for its zeal for distinctly Roman usages as opposed to the Celtic customs. For a thousand years England was as Catholic as any nation in Europe; yet who will say that Saint Thomas of Canterbury and contemporaries were less English than modern followers of the See of Canterbury?

The Scandinavians, the most completely Protestantized of all peoples, were for centuries loyally Catholic. No Waldenses or Hussites or Lollards disturbed the peace of the Church in these lands of the North. Were the compatriots of Saint Birgitta and Saint Olav any less Scandinavian than their descendants in post-Reformation times? If anything, is not the reverse true, for the Reformation and post-Reformation periods were marked by an influx of foreign influence; so much so that many of the leading families of these lands bear names of German, Scotch or French origin?

What is true of England and Scandinavia is true of other Teutonic lands. They were just as Teutonic before as after the Reformation. The causes for the spread of the movement were political and economic rather than racial. The kings and princes welcomed the change, for it made them heads of the Church as well as of the State. The nobles welcomed it, for they shared in the loot of Church lands. The rising bourgeoisie often welcomed it, for, like "new rich" generally, they were anxious to keep up with the times, and saw, especially in Calvinism, a religion blessing their desire for gain.

Religious racism breaks down not only historically but geographically—not only in the past but in the present. Before the rise of the Nazi, about one-third of the Germans were Catholics, and with the Anschluss with Catholic Austria the proportion has risen. German Switzerland is similarly divided. Nor is this division geographical—between North and South—or racial—between pure "Nordics" and "Alpines," for the religious map coincides neither with latitude nor with race. The real cause for the division into Catholic and Protestant and of the latter into Lutheran and Reformed was the principle *cujus regio, ejus religio*, which compelled subjects to adopt the faith of their princes.

Most people think of Holland as a Protestant country; but some two-fifths of the Dutch are Catholics, and among the world's best ones at that. In neighboring Belgium both the Teutonic Flemings and the Latin Walloons are Catholics. But it is the Flemings who are staunchest in their adherence to their Faith; it is among the Walloons that indifferentism and Socialism have made inroads, as among their French cousins across the border. In France one might expect the small but influential Huguenot body to be found principally in the

North, especially in Normandy, where there has been much admixture of Nordic blood. But here again facts contradict theories. Calvinism took root in the South—the North knew it not. Henry of Navarre, the Huguenot prince who considered Paris worth a Mass, came from Béarn in the Pyrenees, not from Normandy. Geneva, not Paris or Rouen, was called the Calvinist Rome.

As for the Celts, they are pretty evenly divided between the two faiths. How explain on racial grounds why the Gael of Ireland kneels at the Holy Sacrifice while his Scottish brother sits in a Presbyterian kirk? Or why Catholics are few in Scotland but numerous among the transplanted Highland Gaels of Canada? It is historical, not racial, reasons which account for these facts, as well as for the fact that, whereas the transplanted Bretons of France flock to *Pardons*, their brothers in Wales or Cornwall crowd to hear some Methodist revivalist. But the Welsh are not Protestants because they are more freedom-loving than the Bretons or the Irish. Protestant historians admit that long after the Reformation Wales was the most Catholic-minded portion of Britain. Had it not been for the close geographical and political connection with England and also for the neglect of Welsh interests by the ecclesiastical authorities, Wales might today be as firm in the Faith as is Ireland.

Turning to the East, the idea that Eastern Orthodoxy is the religion of the Slavs is not true to the facts. If the Russians, the Serbs and the Bulgars are of this faith, the Poles, the Czechs and Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, the Carpatho-Russians and part of the Ukrainians are Catholics. Here again it is the accidents of history that explain why some Slavs follow the faith of Constantinople and others that of Rome.

But even if it were true that they are better suited by an Eastern than by a Western form of Christianity, still it must be remembered that all Easterns are not Orthodox. There are millions of Eastern Rite Catholics. The Uniate who sings the Divine Liturgy in Old Slavonic in a Ukrainian church is just as good a Slav as is his brother across the Russian border who sings it in an Orthodox place of worship—if the Soviets allow him to.

Teuton or Latin, Celt or Slav—there is no race that is not suited for the message of the Church—there is no race that, having received it, cannot lose it by pride and sin. All peoples can be at home in the Catholic Church without losing their nationality. The Hollander and the Spaniard, the Irishman and the Pole are all loyal sons of Mother Church, yet they are far from being made in the same mold. The Hollander or the Irishman does not adopt the fiestas of Italy or Spain; the Ukrainian is even forbidden to exchange his beautiful and venerable Rite for that of Rome. Rather the Church, like a wise Mother, allows her children to develop their individuality, so long as it does not degenerate into individualism. She knows that the steadfastness of the Teuton, the logic of the Latin, the deep religious sense of the Celt, the mysticism of the Slav are all flowers to be cultivated in the Father's garden.

# CONTEMPORARY READINGS IN THE HIGHER SOPHISTRY

WALTER J. ONG

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THE Luce publications, *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune*, do not hew their way through the forest of public opinion without knocking occasional chips into Catholic editorial offices. The Spanish Civil War stories of a few years ago and the interpretation of Catholic French Canada last year are capital examples. But Catholics are not the only bystanders whose heads are in danger. An article by John R. Whiting and George R. Clark in last July's *Harper's* shows that irritation is more general. The article points out that even *Life's* greatest admirers are troubled by what Messrs. Whiting and Clark say might be called a "subtle distortion of reality" in the magazine.

If Messrs. Whiting and Clark are puzzled about what this distortion is, they are not alone. Many of us find ourselves annoyed at something in the Luce gestures which we find it difficult to isolate. Our difficulty is understandable, for this sort of journalism is not a simple thing. It has become possible only in our own day, after three hundred years of random movements on the part of a commercial press seeking restlessly for a more and more profitable audience.

Moreover, the most characteristic tones of these magazines, like those of Hollywood, are only heightenings of the tones in the general American background. Hence criticisms of them tend to run out ineffectually into observations on the weaknesses of twentieth-century civilization. This condition, of course, is only temporary, for the protective coloration will fail as the background changes, and these idols of men, after a few decades, will have to be repainted.

It would be easy to reserve examination of *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune* till then, for history's verdicts are easy to come by. But they lose detail and pointing. Besides, we are obliged to defend ourselves. In the field of sophistic argument, the *Life-Time-Fortune* enterprises have reared a brand-new machine, complete with all the attachments. And we are not very safe if, when we come within range of it, our distrust is only vague. We need definite information as to how it works.

The new apparatus has been constructed in part from an old weapon in the journalistic armory. This weapon is fact, often of a very elementary sort. The three magazines exploit fact variously, and *Life's* technique is perhaps best to begin with. *Life* uses a device which combines detailed information with the photograph. Photo-commentary

was not its own discovery, for this was employed by older periodicals. But these older periodicals had not consistently employed the technique of pointing their commentary closely into their pictures. This *Life* does. It attends to details, starts its commentary from its photographs and, by making these photographs integral to an organized story, brings its commentary back to them again and again.

Massing fact about the photograph in this way, *Life* has succeeded in powering a springboard with which, one feels at times, Mr. Luce could, if he wanted, shoot a good big section of his readers right onto the moon (where he would have a photographer to cover the landing). And the beauty of the new springboard's mechanism is that it can be powered with scraps of fact in themselves nearly worthless. Here is a sample:

*Weighing and marking* are first steps at C—  
*Laundry*. *Bundles* at right are first weighed as  
*bundles*. *Girls at tables* then separate the wash into  
*flatwork* and *wearing apparel*. *Wearing apparel* is  
then weighed separately on scales at left. All three  
weights are marked on a slip and the cost of total  
wash is figured accordingly with extra charges for  
*shirts* and *wearing apparel*. All wash from one  
bundle is marked with a small metal tag with same  
number. *Machines at the girls' left* do the marking.  
Tag stays on until final packaging. If tag gets lost,  
laundry is lost.

This occurs under a half-page picture. The phrases which I have italicized can all be directly verified in one way or another by looking at the picture. Here it happens that the picture needs some explanation, but this is by no means always the case. "Starting out from warden's cabin, T— guides canoe through trees while M— concentrates on fishing" is hardly a very enlightening comment on a picture which portrays in excellent and unmistakable photographic detail just that. T— and M— have been identified earlier.

This is a standard procedure with *Life*: a simple pointing out of pictorial detail, often of self-evident fact. This kind of fact is obviously fact, barefaced and simon-pure. The picture interest makes it possible to mass it in a quantity and strength impossible in a newspaper story, where the kind of information *Life* subsists on would often be only boring. Moreover, the easy verification of this elementary information in the accompanying photograph gives the whole magazine an air of honest, die-hard truthfulness which the newspapers have

never been able to create. Here the fact is bared right down to the bone and staring you straight in the face. A cut line in the same two-page display with that last quoted reads: "Holding the squirming salmon in her right hand, M—— disengages hook from its mouth." There is simply no room for argument here. You can see the salmon, the mouth, and—sure enough—it is the right hand. Not the left hand, but the right hand. The editor obviously knows what he is talking about when it comes to catching fish, and *Life's* readers are read a subconscious lesson: don't question our accuracy. We have photographic evidence for our statements. To us all fact is sacred, however small, as you can see by our devotion to it here.

This lesson to the reader is basic for *Life's* existence. In order to gain in color and news interest, *Life* is impatient of the rather backward distinction between fact and probability. There is a singular absence of the device used by the daily press when material cannot be too well substantiated: "according to Mr. So-and-So," or "it was reported by the president." However, as any newsman knows, you cannot write interesting news for long without handling matter of the sort that requires this authorization. Hence, in deciding that all is to be in "two flocks, two folds—black, white; right, wrong," *Life's* editors have been forced into a ruse. They must somehow set up the magazine in the reader's mind as its own authority. And their success in doing just this is a tribute to their journalistic skill. They have sustained the authority of their publication on the unmistakable factual accuracy of its photo-commentary. From this, the aroma of fact blows over readily enough to the whole of the reading matter in the magazine. In this atmosphere, the grosser vapors of convertible matter are indistinguishable, and there is room for all sorts of heady editorializing, such as that in the instance, already mentioned, of *Life's* visit to Catholic French Canada.

Here is an example of what happens, chosen because it involves no particular controversial heat:

Chamber of Mines runs South Africa's economy. This is first time Gold Producers' Committee has let its picture be taken. At right, with tortoise-shell glasses, smiles Chairman G. Carleton-Jones of New Consolidated Goldfields. Committee controls practically the entire English press of South Africa.

The writer, a reader will react subconsciously, must know his business here. The second sentence is impressive, as it is calculated to be. The writer points confidently: "at right . . ." Brusqueness of the omitted article shows how his mind is intent on conveying important information. And the tortoise-shell glasses and the smile are entirely apparent in the picture. No doubt about it. Besides, horn-rimmed glasses are not approved in all circles, and mention of them is further evidence of a grim determination to face every fact, no matter how unpleasant. (This exploitation of the incongruous to create the "fact-at-all-cost" illusion is one of the most valuable tricks in the Luce bag.) As for running South Africa's economy, the seven grave gentlemen are seated at a conference table, where

*Life's* photographer evidently bumped right into them; so they must be directors of something.

We come to the last sentence: "Committee controls practically the entire English press of South Africa." It is something of a feat to verify such a statement from the picture. Yet *Life* has turned the trick. It knows how. For, inserted offhandedly among all the verifiable material, the statement becomes of one piece with the picture itself and is as far beyond dispute as the tortoise-shell glasses.

Any issue of *Life* is packed full of statements such as these. They attract the attention of particular persons on particular occasions, but it is morally impossible to persist in any effort at sorting out truth from falsehood under conditions so adverse as those under which such statements occur. For this reason, *Life* is simply impervious to critically aware reading. Its fog of incontrovertible detail effectively blankets any statement which we would normally expect to weigh and balance. And from the futile efforts of our thought to break through the annoying covering, comes the irritation or the feeling of being bullied, associated by many readers with the publication. In their article mentioned above, Messrs. Whiting and Clark, puzzled at *Life's* "subtle distortion of reality," suggest that "possibly this overtone results in part from the overwhelming success of the *Time-Life-Fortune* enterprises," which share big business' "self-confident mannerisms." These mannerisms are certainly present and help *Life* to say what it says in a louder voice, but the "subtle distortion of reality" comes about largely, I think, in the way described here.

The techniques employed by *Time* and *Fortune* in their own way run parallel to those of their more vulgar cousin. Their policy of black-white reporting, leaving no room for the probable as probable, forces them into an authoritarianism like *Life's*. Thus, what *Life* builds on pictures, *Time* constructs on an unusually tight packing of closely massed written fact. *Time* packs its facts skilfully. Besides giving a pretty high quotient of information per square inch, its performance is stately enough to keep the magazine itself as an object of the reader's attention. Thus it makes capital use of inversion, omission of articles and connectives, and massing of identifications ahead of proper names. From its bonanza of facts attractively juggled, the reader is given the impression that the magazine's assertions are true because they are so many and so full—it knows the sources in a way which its audience could never hope to approximate.

The intelligent reader, who should be grateful for having his news served up to him in condensed form—and probably is—will feel himself a little cramped by *Time's* sort of thing. Even news calls for some critical appraisal, and a persistent barrage of *Time's* reporting makes appraisal impossible. Here is a sample (the story happens to be about *Life*, but we can put that down as an accident):

The first big collection of eyewitness war paintings ever shown while the war was still being fought hung in Washington's huge, windowless, marble

National Gallery. The 125 paintings, later to tour the country, were part of a large-scale venture unique in unofficial war recording: since before Pearl Harbor, *Life* has been sending artists—all easel painters of standing—to camps, to war fronts and to sea as accredited correspondents. Their pictures will eventually be given to the Government, to be housed in some future museum of war art.

It takes a hardy reader indeed to shoulder his way into this defense. Most of us will not notice the key positions held by the words "first," "big," "huge," "large-scale," "unique," "of standing," which make the momentousness of the passage thoroughly bogus, down to the last grandiloquent gesture in the concluding sentence, which is going to cost the taxpayer something, too. We are afraid to fight, for the editor has too much ammunition in his belt: he knows all about the National Gallery, all about collections of eyewitness war paintings, where the painters went, even knows that the Government will build a house for *Life's* pictures.

With the ammunition of hard fact bulging from every paragraph, the editors can amuse themselves by firing a few rounds of blanks, and no one will notice the difference: "A quick, critical look at U. S. education (some \$2,000,000,000 a year) was taken in *Fortune's* July issue," *Time* reports within a week of its story just cited about *Life* (these magazines do keep track of one another). How critical the look was is really a matter of opinion, which may be in the present instance somewhat weighted. Not to mention how quick—for we suspect that *Fortune's* analyses, like *Time's* candid shots and *Life's* parties, are not come by without some premeditation. But in context, the fact that the analysis was deeply critical is likely to be swallowed down with the mass of more verifiable details which are pressed on the reader. It is interesting to note how much the impressiveness of *Fortune's* critical look gains from a salvo of large figures—\$2,000,000,000 a year—although the reduction of education to such components indicates what may pass for critical acuteness.

*Time's* use of accumulated fact to bludgeon its readers into submission is all the more noteworthy because of its policy of organizing news, of having a story "get somewhere." Not content with day-by-day or week-by-week reporting, *Time* attempts to gather together several items, when it can, to make a satisfying whole. It will go back any number of years or centuries for the synthesis. And this eclectic spirit means simply that its news is being put to a purpose—not, I suppose, to any particularly villainous use, but to a purpose.

Thus recently, under the heading "Battle for Italy," several items were juxtaposed by *Time*. One was an editorial from the Brooklyn *Tablet* noting "the absence of practising Catholics" among the officials being sent to administer occupied Italy, and recommending that "It would seem not only practical and fair, but intelligent and profitable, for the United States to send some representatives who understand the religion . . . of those whom they are to direct." Another was a statement quoted from the Knights of Columbus annual convention: ". . . Care should be taken to avoid en-

trusting administrative functions to anyone who is professedly or generally known to be opposed to the general views of the Italian people on religion. . . ." These recommendations are not particularly surprising: that administrators should be not only loyal to their own government but sympathetic in as many ways as possible with the people they are ruling seems an elementary piece of diplomacy.

But *Time* wants to make a story and it does. First, it says that the Knights of Columbus "demanded that Catholic Italian-Americans be put in charge of Italian territory," when the resolution from which *Time* quotes and which can be read ungarbled in the October *Columbia* does not say this at all. Then *Time* introduces its own summary: "In short, none but Catholics should administer occupied Italian territory." Neither statement quoted by *Time* says this, but these facts are all lost in the cloud of dust immediately generated. A tiny association of seventy-five Protestant ministers is cited as taking an opposed stand on Italian occupation, and then a mass of historical material concerning the Waldensians is fished up. Freight with this find, which includes a piece of Milton's sonnet and a woodcut of Peter Waldo labeled "*Cromwell & Milton volleyed & thundered*," *Time* manages to plug up the breaches in its story and leave the general impression that the Catholics of the United States are trying to force their religion upon large Protestant sections of Italy. Some of the breaches are badly in need of plugging. One of them is the judicious suppression of the fact that Italy's Waldensians, as listed in the fourteenth edition of the *Britannica*, number 22,633, or less than six in every ten thousand Italians. Mention of such a fact would prick *Time's* balloon.

The moral is not easy to draw. It is not so simple as saying that these magazines are worthless, for they are not. Or that there is nothing we can learn from them, for there is. The moral we can draw here is that we had better be acutely aware of what goes on in the pages of *Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune*—aware not only of what goes on in detail but also of what goes on in general. These magazines propose a new sophistry which can easily pass for thought. The sophistry is impressive and infectious, and we are exposed to it. If it is smart, shortsighted, and self-satisfied, with the crudities of bumptious materialism and rowdy jingoistic instincts, it can yet command a wealth of fact, which effectively argues that it is none of these things at all. But it gets you nowhere. The only progress possible to this sophistication is the progress we see from *Life* through *Time* to *Fortune*; and *Fortune's* picture of things is not so much a picture based on a deeper understanding than *Life's* as it is an enlargement done in the grand manner on ripple-finish paper. When this new sophistry passes for intellectual acumen, we have lost not only thought but all interest in thought, for man will not look for what he believes he has. Living in a democracy which depends for its existence on at least some leaven of intelligence, we shall be pardoned our concern. *Life* advertises itself in *Fortune* as America's most powerful editorial force.

# RECONVERSION OF INDUSTRY: II

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

*(Continued from last week)*

SENATOR Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, had the floor. Among the attentive audience on Tuesday, October 12, in Room 312 of the Senate Office Building, were Senators George, Barkley, Hayden, Lucas, Pepper, Vandenberg—all the members of the potent Senate Special Committee on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning except Senators McNary and Austin. Said the Senator from Wyoming, reporting on postwar planning:

It would be impossible to overestimate the magnitude of the problem. I have no hesitation in saying that in my judgment we are confronted with the bald question as to whether or not we here in America are going to lay down an economic policy that will preserve economic freedom and full opportunity for all our citizens. We stand in gravest danger of losing the entire economic basis of democratic institutions.

What the Senator had in mind became clearer a few minutes later when he spoke of the Government's investment in war plants. Here are his words as set down in Senate Document No. 106:

If these Government-owned plants which are now being operated by what we are pleased to call private industry are to be converted from the manufacture of articles of war to manufacture of the articles of peace, the question arises to what extent we are willing to continue the corporate concentration that now exists. The whole question of Government operation as well as ownership will be projected, and before there is any public decision upon this point, it must be clearly understood that concentrated economic power in the hands of government is only slightly, if at all, different in its effect upon the people from concentrated economic power in the hands of a comparatively few industrial units.

Last week, while discussing the termination of war contracts, I pointed out that the manner in which these were settled would greatly influence the shape of the postwar industrial order. This is true also, as Senator O'Mahoney points out, with regard to disposal of Government-owned war facilities. Here are some figures which suggest what is at stake.

From the beginning of the defense program in 1940 to May of this year, we constructed 17,478 new plants or expanded old plants. The total cost of this construction came to \$19,998,000,000. Of this prodigious outlay, the National Treasury contributed \$15,555,000,000, or 78 per cent. The remainder, \$4,443,000,000, was privately supplied. If we add to this other industrial facilities owned by the Government, the total public investment is between \$18,000,000,000 and \$25,000,000,000.

If we accept \$18,000,000,000 as a fair figure, then the Federal Government owns today one-fifth of the nation's productive capacity! It owns 10 per

cent of the country's steel-producing facilities; 50 per cent of the aluminum capacity; 90 per cent of the aviation industry; nearly half the machine-tool industry; 92 per cent of the magnesium capacity; and almost the entire synthetic-rubber industry.

What should the Government do with these holdings when it no longer needs them for war production?

Should it retain and operate them, thus "smothering" or dominating whole industries?

Or should the Government, as the National Resources Planning Board has suggested, turn some of them back to private industry and for the others sponsor "new forms of joint private and governmental partnership?"

Should most of the war plants be simply scrapped, or perhaps knocked down, crated and sold or lend-leased to war-stricken nations?

Or should they be sold at fair prices to private industry?

If the latter policy is chosen, should the plants be sold competitively, or to their present operators? In many cases, this question has already been settled. The present operators have options on them. But what about the remainder? Will the plants be sold in such a way that the present concentration of economic power will be augmented, or weakened? "Let no one imagine," to quote Senator O'Mahoney once more, and very much to the point, "that this is merely a question of free enterprise against Government control. It is also a question of free enterprise against monopolistic control."

To put the matter in another way, the war has intensified the whole controversy about the future American economic system, just as it has clarified the possibilities open to us. Not long ago, these possibilities were adequately enumerated by the well known British economist, Sir William Beveridge. In a foreword to a series of pamphlets on the postwar world, sponsored by the Boston Conference of Distribution, Sir William gives the following four possible choices:

1. "Private enterprise at private risk, with free competition controlled by the price mechanism."

This is the classical *laissez-faire* system. In its pure form, it exists today only in textbooks and the perfervid imagination of a dwindling number of publicists and after-dinner speakers. Adopted substantially at the beginning of the modern industrial era, it has since been superseded in the United States by a mixed system which includes areas of competition, a great deal of price administration and a fair number of government controls. This hodge-podge is popularly, but inexactly, known among us as the "free-enterprise" system.

2. "Control by the State, based on a national plan for using resources to meet needs."

In general, this economic method is followed in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. It is the dream of the Socialists and "totalitarian liberals" in our midst. To fight the war effectively, we have largely adopted it, as have Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The most obvious objection to it is that the American people do not see how it can be

reconciled with democratic institutions and liberties.

3. "Private enterprise at private risk, with competition restricted by use of compulsory powers of self-government in industry."

Apparently, a great many cartel-minded British businessmen favor this system. In many cases during the last twenty-five years, as Judge Thurman Arnold showed during his tenure as head of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice, its principles were adopted by giant corporations to control competition both in domestic and international markets. To some extent, the idea of industrial self-government was imbedded in the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933. Today, only a few American businessmen publicly espouse the idea, but many more practise it in secret and devious ways.

If labor were made a partner in industrial self-government, if the state would lend its assistance, without attempting to dominate, and would at the same time protect the interests of consumers and the common good, this system provides a framework in which the benefits of competition and the advantages of planning and discipline can be reasonably reconciled.

4. "Public enterprise in some industries and private enterprise in other industries."

Prime Minister Churchill adumbrated this system in his speech of March 21, in which he spoke of making "state enterprise and free enterprise both serve national interests and pull the national wagon side by side." In a limited way, our National Resources Planning Board has recommended the same thing. If the extent of Government ownership were restricted, this system would not be incompatible with the system of industrial self-government described above. This would be especially true if the government-owned industries were managed by non-political boards created for that purpose.

It will be noted that these systems are methods of organizing industrial production and distribution. They are not directly concerned with, although they would be affected by, whatever policies are adopted with respect to money, international trade, taxation and the control of savings and investment. Now the point is, the way in which we dispose of government-owned war plants is going to involve a choice of one of the four systems enumerated, or of some variation or combination of them. The all-important question becomes, therefore, what kind of an economic system do we want in postwar America? Unless this question is answered before the end of the war, we shall either drift unconsciously into one of these systems, or be insidiously pushed there by designing groups.

At the present time, a great deal of work is being done on this critical question. On October 6, Bernard M. Baruch was appointed to head a unit in the Office of War Mobilization "to deal with war and postwar adjustment problems and to develop unified programs and policies to be pursued by the various agencies of Government concerned." At least six Congressional committees are studying one phase or another of the general problem. In

addition, many Federal agencies and departments, as well as many private agencies, are making intensive studies and formulating plans.

This is all commendable and necessary, but it is not enough. The decisions which must be made are so grave and far-reaching that the people of the country must somehow be given a chance to decide the future of their economic order. Not only that, they must be given the chance in such a way that the bitter cleavages existing at present will be narrowed rather than widened. Regardless of what the ultimate decision is, if we are going to solve the gigantic problems which lie ahead, all groups in the country—business, labor and agriculture, together with the Government—must pull together as a team.

Unfortunately, our traditional way of making these decisions is sometimes dangerously divisive. Congress, as the supreme legislative body, passes whatever laws are needed. But it does this only after a minor civil war has been waged by representatives of the various organized groups. Spokesman of business, of labor, of agriculture appear before the appropriate committee, a flood of propaganda is let loose, charges and counter-charges, threats and counter-threats fill the air. In this poisoned atmosphere, the Congress passes a law and, as might be expected, the law often reflects not the merits of the case or the common welfare, but the political power of the different groups. And the passage of the law leaves these groups embittered and more divided than ever.

To avoid fratricidal strife over one of the most critical decisions in our history, the National Planning Association has recommended the creation of a single agency to deal with postwar problems from a national viewpoint under general policies determined by Congress. This Commission, to be established in the Executive office by an Act of Congress, would include representatives of Government, business, labor and agriculture. These, including an Administrator, would be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. It would be the duty of the Commission "to formulate and administer the general policies under which are carried out the termination of war contracts, the disposal of surplus war materials and the reconversion of war plants to peace." It would report to the President and Congress every three months or less.

The great merit of this plan, and its superiority over anything else that has been proposed, consists in its integration of our warring economic classes. It transforms self-interested lobbies into cooperative groups working toward an orderly, coordinated solution of the national problem *from a national viewpoint*. It provides the Congress not with rival, contradictory platforms, bitterly advanced and obstinately defended, but with a unified program *on which the leaders of our chief economic groups have united in advance*.

If this plan, or one like it, is not adopted, if one or the other group attempts to dominate reconversion policies, then prepare for a domestic fight which may rival the struggle over slavery. The issues involved are that serious.

# MORE AND BETTER SPOTLIGHTING

SISTER ROSE MARIE

A RECENT article in *AMERICA* (October 2, 1943) was entitled *Spotlighting Sisters*. May I add a footnote on other needed spotlights? I have worried more than a bit about what impression our young Latin-American co-religionists who flock to institutions of learning in this country are getting about the status of the Church in the United States. It seems to me altogether too bad that Catholics are not more interested in making it possible for Catholic colleges to provide scholarships for these young Catholics, so that so large a proportion need not go to the heavily endowed non-Catholic institutions. Medieval Catholics rated the helping of needy students very highly indeed among their charities, but in our day the corporal works of mercy seem not only to take precedence of the spiritual, but to sweep them off the map of life.

However, mine is another story. This past year I heard by chance that a young South-American physician and his wife were in our city. Dr. X. is a brilliant young doctor of great promise. (I withhold his real name for obvious reasons.) He had come to study American hospital systems, financed, apparently, either by his own government or (more probably) by some Inter-American goodwill organization. He was putting in months of observation in a large hospital here before he should move on to New York and eventually to Johns Hopkins. We managed to have him come to address our Spanish students, though I thought it far more important that he should see our new college plant with the latest in laboratories, etc., than that our girls should follow his little set speech.

Dr. X. came to us and, designedly, had lunch in our very modern cafeteria, gave his scheduled talk, was taken about the buildings. He was charmed and—surprised! The laboratories—his own field—of course claimed his chief interest. He met the nuns who are heads of Chemistry and Biology Departments, as well as the laymen who work with them. It quite evidently remodeled his idea of a Catholic school or college. Here was no remnant of claustral seclusion where young ladies were trained to religion and ornamental pursuits only. We invited him to bring his young wife to see us; so he came again. Both Dr. X. and his wife were not only charmed but enlightened; so much so that he asked for a telephone to postpone an appointment made for that afternoon.

I am sure that when these young people return to their Latin-American home, it will be with quite other views than those they would have entertained had we not sought them out and brought them to the College. In fact, it took me some time—and all my Spanish—to get it into the young man's head

that we are as fully equipped and as fully authorized to give degrees in Arts and Sciences, as well as in Music and Art, as our neighboring university.

Then I determined to find out just how much this young doctor—who is evidently destined to be a leader in his own country, since he was sent here to bring back information about American ways of life—knew about other examples of modern progress in the active Catholic life of this city. I found out very promptly—nothing at all.

We have a large, brand-new Catholic hospital, under the direction of nuns, replacing a building with a record of efficient service reaching back to the Civil War. It has been built and equipped according to the best modern theories of hospital construction, with all the very latest aids to scientific medical treatment, extensive clinics, etc. "Had Dr. X. seen it?" I asked. He, a doctor, on the lookout for all types of medical experience, had been in this city for months and had not even *heard* of it.

This, I think, is startling and convincing proof of the thesis of this article—that our Latin-American exchange students can go home convinced that the United States is a Protestant country in which Catholic activity and Catholic culture are insignificant or non-existent; that if South Americans are to participate in the progress and prosperity with which the United States is supposed to be synonymous, it will be by at least a tacit denial of the Church. One of the best surgeons in our city is a Catholic; we have Catholic medical specialists in all fields.

Apparently Dr. X. had had no contact with them; if he had, he did not know that they are Catholics. He told me of finding a Catholic who could direct him to a church where there would be a priest to hear his wife's confession in Spanish, as she was, he said, *muy católico* (very Catholic). That this was true I learned later when I met the very charming young wife, a graduate of a Sacred Heart Academy in her own country. But *why*—and it is for the purpose of asking this question that I write this paper—why did not the Catholic who gave him that information, give him more? Why did he not put him in touch with the Catholics and the institutions with whom and with which he should have made contacts? Everything about the months spent by Dr. X. and his wife, except for his brief and too-late visit to our college, was such as to convey the idea that the Church was practically non-existent in a city noted for its Catholic educational system, its excellent Catholic Charities organization, its modern and up-to-date cottage-plan orphanage, its model home for the aged, etc.

This, then, is the case of Dr. X. He went on to New York, then to Johns Hopkins—I wonder what he found in New York and Baltimore? But I am sure his case is not an isolated one. A most timely form of Catholic Action, then, would certainly be to watch for Catholic exchange students from Latin America—undergraduate and graduate—doctors, nurses, etc. (they are in our midst in great numbers) and to *spotlight* Catholic activities for their benefit. More and stronger and better directed *spotlights* by all means!

# BETTY (TOO TWO) STAYS AT HOME

KATHERINE TERRY DOOLEY

FOURTEEN years married, and the mother of four children, I was dismayed to learn, upon reading J. Paul Wagner's article *Michael (Very Four) Goes To Church* that I "qualify for spinsterhood." My calling to this state of life, which I have missed pretty hopelessly, is based upon the fact that I object to small children being taken to Mass unnecessarily. Of course the three- or four-year-old *wants* to go to Mass, just as he wants to go to the movies, or the football game, or anywhere else that Mother or Daddy is going. And of course God is for all of us, but the Mass requires of its hearer an act of intelligence, and until the child's mind has developed sufficiently for him to catch a faint glimpse of its splendor and meaning, I believe that he is better off at home. Definitely, the congregation is better off!

We have Terry, aged thirteen, who serves Mass faithfully and well. Mary, eleven, sings with the girls' choir. Ellen, six, is attending Mass regularly for the first time, laboriously spelling out the words in her child's Mass Book. But Brigid, two, stays at home and will continue to do so for the next three years. When the children are five, we take them occasionally to "break them in," so that Sister will not have the whole burden. At that age, I believe a child has some notion of God and praying to God.

I have no doubt that the four-year-old Michael of Mr. Wagner's article is a cherub. And I think that my own children are cute and witty and fairly irresistible. But let Michael's father consider this strange aspect of parent psychology. If it were *my* four-year-old, instead of his, who wiggled and wandered in church, would he look upon the darling with such fond indulgence? I am willing to bet that he would regard him as an unrestrained little nuisance! And let him consider, also, that Michael is surrounded, not by rows of admiring parents, but by people who have come to church, sometimes at a sacrifice or inconvenience, to fulfil their obligation of hearing Sunday Mass. These people fall, roughly, into three groups. Let us consider how young children, sometimes quiet and cherubic, often bored and restless, may affect each.

We have first the Missal-toters, who make a sincere effort to follow the Mass. A small child astride the pew, or keeping time with the choir by kicking the kneeling bench, obtrudes himself upon the deepest concentration. Certainly such parishioners are not "entertained." And when some priests read Mass, if you once slacken your pace or lose your stride, you are lost in a maze of Missal.

Then there is the group at the other extreme, those who are present in body only, who make

only the most superficial attempt at prayer. These are, unfortunately, only too willing to be entertained. When they have glanced about to see who made the nine o'clock, and what new hats are on exhibit, they settle down to concentrate on Michael and his antics. Such a child is to them a source of real temptation, albeit in angel's clothing.

The third type, or "in-betweens," who rattle the rosaries that Michael grabs and follow their private devotions with more or less attention to the progress of the Mass are, perhaps, the most unfortunate victims of Michael's wiles. Those who read Missals have a strict pattern to follow, and he who weekly hopes for a "photo-finish" with the celebrant is not so easily diverted. Those who employ private prayers are more readily led astray because of the very flexibility of their devotions.

Let us also consider that in each of these groups there are mothers, like myself, who may have been at home with small children all week. In these servantless days, sometimes the Sunday Mass is the one time in the week when I am away from home. It is my one opportunity to collect and to recollect myself; to call my soul my own, and to consider the state of that soul.

I can hear the parents of young Michael crying reproachfully: "But what of the child himself? What of the times that he is, in his own way, talking with Jesus? What of his petitions that are more favorably heard than our own? What of 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me'?"

Well, first of all, Christ was out in the open fields, not in the temple, when He gave this invitation. I wonder if He meant: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me during the overcrowded High Mass at the parish church"?

It seems to me that little children can be led to a knowledge and love of God down more child-like paths, and with less cost to others. Religious pictures and little altars in their nurseries hold a lovely fascination for them. A Crucifix which she can hold reverently in her hands, touching the nails and murmuring with sympathy over "poor Jesus" is a constant source of interest to little Brigid. She recognizes a Madonna as "Blessed Mother," wherever she sees one.

All of our children have been taken to church, outside of Mass, as often as possible. There are ideal occasions for the young child to become accustomed to his Father's house. Some parishes have Benediction on Sunday afternoon, and the music and pageantry of this ceremony will usually hold a young child spell-bound for the short time that it takes. Then there are the blessing of children at the end of a Mission, the blessing of throats on the feast of St. Blaise, or a visit during Forty Hours devotion, when the sight of the altar, glowing with lights and flowers, is a vision of beauty that will make a permanent impression on the child's memory. At such times, and by his own little bed at home, the child can lisp his baby prayers with, I believe, just as great effectiveness before the throne of God, and with no distraction to those who have come to Mass not to be entertained, but to pray.

## PRESIDENTIAL TOURS

SOME day the scribes will say of him: "He conferred aboard ship off Newfoundland. He walked on the sands of Casablanca. He traveled down to Monterey. He looked out over the Plains of Abraham from old Quebec. He went to Egypt and on to Teheran in older Persia." So runs the story in World War II.

Last week an unprecedented welcome awaited the President at the White House, as he came home from his fourth great conference expedition. Spontaneous groups of leaders in both Parties, and plain Americans throughout the country, generously threw aside all feelings of anxiety and suspense. With genuine appreciation they congratulated the intrepid traveler, the cheerful and painstaking workman, the successful negotiator, the man who represented before the world the spirit of our land.

He had gone among other peoples, met rulers of other nations, not indeed with the fanfare of publicity—for wartime risks prevented public show—but with the respect, regard and hope of mankind.

His journeys, however, have a meaning which may escape the casual observer. To point the case, one need but recall the triumphal travels of Woodrow Wilson in 1919, short-lived triumphs despite the good will that prompted them.

The present President, doing his travel now, follows a shrewder course from the standpoint of providing for the postwar settlement. In his distant conferences he comes into direct contact with foreign circumstances, ways of living, political, economic and military realities. He meets leaders of state on their own or neutral ground. Gradually he builds up among them, and among us, a far more realistic sense of what the peace will entail, than he could ever achieve in the offices of the White House. He and his advisors—he always takes a goodly complement with him whether he go by ship, train or airplane—will not be dealing hereafter in mere book knowledge or wishful ideology. They will not be relying on memoranda gathered in isolated embassies, when final decisions must be made. The Presidency, the Departments concerned and the people at large will have first-rate contact with immediate problems no less than long-range aspirations of nations in the meeting at the peace table.

Something of a realization of these facts seems to underlie the approval given the President, apparently by common consent, whenever he arranges to go off quietly to these conferences.

Now that he has come back home from his latest journey of State, we trust that the country will learn from him and his entourage something of the general trend of international agreements as of the present. No sane person would demand divulging of strategic facts, plans or decisions. What we hope for is the main lines of the picture. For to all of us it is of consequence to take an intelligent part in shaping the form of the world after the war is won.

## EDITOR

## WARTIME STRIKES

THOUGH Congress has legalized them, Americans continue to hold that strikes in wartime are unpatriotic; and indeed, organized labor has acknowledged the same by its no-strike pledge. What are we to make, then, of the threat of a strike which must seriously impair our war effort?

The comparison is very easy, of course, between the condition of the worker at home and that of the soldier in the jungles of the Solomons. If the worker complains that he is insufficiently paid, his mouth is supposed to be stopped by the fact that the soldier is risking his life for fifty dollars a month. Very simple, but not quite true.

How much do you pay a man for risking his life? What are the union rates for wading up a beach under the fire of Japanese machine-guns? How many cents an hour will adequately compensate for a bombing attack on Bremen? Fifty dollars an hour would not induce the average man to go through what he may have to go through in this war. He is fighting as a patriotic duty; if you will, as a high service.

On the other hand, he is not living in a competitive economy. His essential needs are supplied by the Army. But the worker has to live in such an economy; and he is deprived of his chief weapon, the strike. This must be so; for no country could tolerate a major strike in the midst of a war. The Government dare not permit such a blow at our war effort. But the Government has therefore all the graver duty to see that the worker, left thus unprotected, is not caught between the wage structure and the price structure.

The past few months have seen strikes and threats of strikes. Some of them would have been thoroughly reprehensible at any time—those in Baltimore, for instance, which were a manifestation of crude racism. But others, such as the miners' strike, and the strike of the railroad workers called for December 30, have genuine grievances behind them.

A million and a half Americans do not suddenly lose their patriotism. They do not suddenly forget their sons and brothers on the fighting fronts. Though we must condemn the strike threat, we cannot but understand that it is born of hope deferred and patience worn out.

## THE KERBY FOUNDATION

IN his preface to a volume of essays soon to be issued by the William J. Kerby Foundation, of Washington, D. C., Thomas F. Woodlock, contributing editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, writes: "The world is facing now a tremendous 'either—or' which may determine its fate for centuries to come." This is the choice between the idea of man "as the 'highest animal,' coming from he knows not where . . . or a person unique in kind . . . coming from God, destined to return to God."

The purpose of the Kerby Foundation, as announced, is to make this crucial choice real and effective in American public life. It is proposed in memory of the late Right Rev. Msgr. William J. Kerby of the Catholic University of America, who was a leading figure in the field of Catholic charities. Though its headquarters are at the same University, the Foundation is associated with no educational institution. Dominant in the writings of Msgr. Kerby was the idea that American "democracy is primarily social, moral and spiritual and secondarily political" and that "democracy finds its thinking on essentials completed by Christ."

More specifically, the purposes of the Foundation are stated as follows:

1. To promote the recognition of the necessity of a spiritual basis for democracy in order that that way of life may survive;
2. To emphasize among those engaged in social welfare work the importance of Christ's motives if they are to accomplish their work effectively;
3. To assist in the development of lay leadership and to supply opportunities for its effective utilization in the field of social action.

By the very fact of their participation in public life—in social-welfare work, in political office, in governmental administration—Catholics are burdened with a responsibility above and beyond the duties of their particular office. Through their example, and through their conversation, they are in a position to preserve for the nation the spiritual concept of democracy as embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution. The aim, as we understand it, of the William J. Kerby Foundation is to encourage and fortify them in this task. For this reason, its projects certainly are worthy of a widespread and practical support.

## THE KHARKOV TRIAL

AT Kharkov, on December 19, four men were convicted—three Germans and a Russian traitor—in the first war-criminal trial of the Second World War. They were sentenced to death by hanging, on charges that they had participated in the mass slaying of Russian prisoners and civilians. They confessed to deeds of incredible savagery.

If these men were guilty of even a hundredth part of the crimes they were charged with, hanging was a mild punishment. From previous examples of Nazi cruelty, there appears no *a priori* reason to doubt the veracity of their appalling self-accusations, even if the confessions—as is quite possible—were extorted under threat or pressure of torture, and lacked, by that token, any probative value as confessions.

But if this trial was supposed to contribute mightily toward strengthening the cause of the United Nations and place at our disposal a powerful propaganda weapon against the Axis psychology, then a quite different question arises. We can then reasonably ask: what practical benefit is this type of procedure expected to accomplish?

The elaborate staging and publicity, the international broadcasts, the cheering courtroom crowds avidly drinking in horror stories, do not help to dramatize the majesty of the law or the austerity of impartial justice. On the contrary, they recall the forced "psychology" confessions, with their highly staged trappings, when the Old Bolsheviks were tried at the time of the great Stalin Purge—as that procedure recalled the earlier attempts to make a "show" out of Msgr. Budkiewicz and his martyred companions. Russian morale may be strengthened by such vindictive theatricals, but they are no contribution to Allied morale, and are apt to strengthen, rather than weaken, the determination of the Axis, and inspire Axis torturers to still more hideous deeds.

But we have enough to consider at home without criticizing further our bitterly provoked Russian allies. The sort of thing typified by a postscript appended to Irvin S. Cobb's letter in the *New York Times* of December 10, which suggested that General Patton slay and torture Japanese internees until the survivors can only travel "on all fours," is as great a blow to Allied morale, as great a service to Axis propaganda, as anything coming from the Soviet drama trials. We fully agree with the severe censure passed upon Mr. Cobb's remarks by C. G. Paulding in the *Commonweal*, issue of December 24, 1943. And the implications, for our own national psychology, would be as evil even if these remarks were merely casual or semi-jocose.

We cannot fight by halves for justice, for decency, for the triumph of reason and law over racial prejudice or vindictive cruelty. Our cause stands or falls by its thoroughness, its integrity, its consistency. Theatrical trials and journalist executioners are not part of our scheme. And, since they are alien to what we are fighting for, the sooner they are repudiated the better.

## YEAR OF DECISION

AS 1944 dawns, the free world faces a crisis which has, perhaps, no equal in the history of nations. This year's work may determine peace or war, life or death, for millions of people and for generations to come.

The war is won; that is the crisis. True, it will be a long, long time and there will be a hard and bloody road to travel before the final victory; but, humanly speaking, we cannot doubt that victory must and will be ours. In the European theatre, it may come sooner than we expect—will it find us unprepared? We were not really prepared for our entrance into the war. Pearl Harbor and the months that followed might well have meant total defeat to a nation less strong and wealthy, to a nation less ready than ours to throw everything into the war effort. That we not only survived but have even turned a near defeat into an assured victory is a tribute to the courage and devotion of our people and the resources of our country.

But the coming of peace will be for us and for our allies a sterner test than the war itself. We have snatched triumph from disaster; it remains to be seen whether we can wrest peace from war.

We now face a decision such as the war has not hitherto presented us with. In a way, we may say that it is the first critical decision of the war. In the years before the war, Hitler was forcing the pace. Britain and France hedged and compromised, hoping to stave off an open conflict for which they were not prepared. By September, 1939, the power of decision was gone; it was fight or go under.

Here, in the United States, the picture was not so very different. Most Americans were agreed that it was necessary, in the last analysis, that Hitler should be defeated; but they hoped to be able to help in bringing that about without actually engaging in the war. The days before Pearl Harbor were a time of confused counsels and acrimonious debate; it was the Japanese bombers who made the decision for us.

Even the great military decisions were not comparable with that facing us now. They were means to a clearly defined end, an end, moreover, on which everyone was in complete agreement; a wrong choice might make the end more difficult of achievement, but could eventually be remedied. In the decision about the peace, a wrong choice may not be remedied for centuries.

The decision that faces us is whether we really believe in the principles of peace. The Great Powers have, in the Atlantic Charter, in the Moscow Declarations and similar documents, subscribed to these principles. The leaders of the nations have, time and again, announced that in the world after the war, peace must be built upon good will and not on force; that power must operate under law and be restrained by it. The old system of political alliances and balances of power has been found insufficient; indeed that it persevered so long is only an indication of men's unwillingness or inability to learn from history. So far as the spoken and written word goes, we are in possession of at

least the minimum principles of a stable and peaceful world order. But do we believe in them to the extent that we shall trust ourselves to them? That is the decision we must make; and if we do not make it now, 1945 will, in all human probability, be too late. This is our year of decision.

The difficulty is that the decision calls, not for the mere trying of an untried type of international order, but for a real change of heart among the nations. It is not only new international machinery that we lack; it is a new international viewpoint. We have to try to see a new world, built on principles, not new, indeed, for they are as old as human nature, but new in our experience and certainly untried by any recent generations.

We are a generation accustomed to the supremacy of the tangible and empirical. We have built greatly on the resources of the visible world, and we have learned a distrust of the invisible. We understand power and we understand politics; but we do not quite understand the abstract ideas of justice and charity—at least, in the international order. We have learned to base security on the power to defend ourselves, on alliances and counter-alliances, on *cordons sanitaires* and spheres of influence. That all these have failed, time and again, to prevent war does not seem to trouble our simple faith that this time we shall strike the right balance.

When we hear of an international organization such as that proposed by thoughtful men in many countries, when we hear of limitation of sovereignty, when we hear of the necessity of developing colonies towards responsible self-government, we are apt to dismiss such ideas as fantastic. We shall risk too much, we think, in submitting ourselves to an international law which we do not ourselves administer and which we cannot disregard when we will. We feel that "our interests may be threatened"; we make mental reservations about the *status quo*; we are afraid to face certain awkward questions.

And yet, we feel uneasy. We should desperately like to believe in the reality of this new world order—at least we should be glad to believe that there was a world order capable of giving us lasting peace. But we cannot shake off the spell of the old order with its narrow nationalism, its selfishness, its doctrines of race supremacy. We look towards a new order which we have not the courage to embrace. How like the young man in the Gospel who turned away sorrowing, "because he had great possessions."

This, then, is the crisis and this is the decision that the nations must make in this year of 1944. In this year we shall set our feet, to quote a recent book, "towards a new world or a new world war."

Can the nations find it in themselves to put aside their private ambitions and traditional hatreds for the sake of all humanity? The omens at present are doubtful; there are signs favorable and unfavorable. But if our generation fails to rise to the nobility demanded by this crisis, then may God forgive us, for succeeding generations may curse us.

C. K.

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## FAITH AND POETRY

DANIEL J. BERRIGAN

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IN the grand American manner has the prayer of Walt Whitman

Come, Muse—migrate from Greece and Ionia been answered a hundredfold. As far back as 1870, the clipped ecstasies of Emily Dickinson heralded the coming furore: the crashing renascence of 1913, still energized and vigorous, allows no room for doubt: the Muse is become an American institution.

To integrate, to predict, to evaluate—these become almost impossible in a poetic revival whose tendencies and divisions are for all the world like a bewildering Joseph's coat. Two of the chief difficulties are these: in none of our important poets (with the possible exception of Frost) has there been a staid and definable unfolding of personality which would admit of critical interpretation. With most, there have been single and starlike hints of a poetic credo, followed quickly by departure—toward a tabloid passion, as with Edna St. Vincent Millay; toward a glorified pessimism with E. A. Robinson; toward personal frustration with Sara Teasdale.

Again, the cry for freedom has inevitably led from a well-defined high-road of healthy emancipation into quagmires of poorly communicated experience: to imagism and barbarism, free verse, rhapsodism and surrealism. Many of the authentic poetic voices, and not a few of the versifiers, have felt constrained to draw apart from tradition. Tomorrow their highly-tailored products, born of a self-conscious obscurism, will be forgotten: today they serve but to clutter and distract a unified view.

One would like to be able to distinguish important work and tendency from the trivial, to establish a critical basis—in fine, to learn if we are in the midst of a great literary revival. There is no denying the difficulty of such seeking, for the few reasons already indicated and for a hundred others. Yet there are a few touchstones which are true in any period and hence divorced from the passion and prejudice of any one of them.

The element of faith is such a criterion. It is such a faith which sees, however dimly and tentatively, the existence of Powers beyond the mind, the world, the present. The ancients yearned for a certainty to end their groping, and their very yearning supplied an attitude of heart and mind which is great because universally true to human make-up. With the advent of Christ, groping touches Infinity made tangible, and poetic experi-

ence becomes luminous and sure. The masterpiece of Christian poetry is also the supreme story of faith and its reward in Dante's *Divina Commedia*.

The English tradition, though cut off from direct truth, was never untrue to itself. Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron never glorified the complacent impotence of brooding over graves. They seldom turned inward in analyses petty or futile. If they did not accept a God to glorify, they at least looked beyond political and purely human causes to project nature and its grandness. Nowhere did they wall themselves in from the vast religious implications of the world they sought to interpret.

Our contemporary poetry, however, offers a strange anomaly. We have a group of undoubtedly gifted and sincere singers hard on the trail of beauty, after loosing themselves from a faith which would lend plausibility and purpose to their search. Their search has failed. They have no link with the grander past; future poets will find little for rejoicing or imitation in attitudes ranging through a gamut of self-analysis, studied emoting and, perhaps most serious of all, a cleverness conscious and arch. Even granted the ultimate fusion of experience and voice which is the soul of poetry, an accepted vogue of hopelessness will rip through the texture and make the work of today an unpermanent thing. Our poets must leave their gravesides and strike out again for that fresh childhood of elemental wonder. It is an esthetic and personal tragedy that one poet found

The soul can split the sky in two  
And let the face of God shine through . . .

and turned from that vision to traffickings of conceit and cleverness. It is to the loss of a fine lyricism that Sara Teasdale turned from the detached loveliness of her earlier volumes to a completely embittered self-regard in her later ones. And the loss was no less great when Elinor Wylie used her flawless technique on themes of impersonal severity. These and many others are the tragedies of talent undominated by a disciplined faith.

So it can be seen that the Catholic poet of today has an immense initial advantage over the less enlightened. He believes, in no misty or uncertain way, in "the existence of some Power beyond himself, the world, and the present." His failure to attain contemporary poetic eminence may be due to either of two causes. He may lack the impact of perception which is the poet's gift; if this be lacking, there is little can be hoped for, though his sincerity be a terrible thing and his mind whitened by purity and faith.

The second cause of his failure is one more strictly united with the discussion at hand. The Catholic poet is embarrassed by a reading public far removed from his ideals, from his very themes;

and this uncontacted relationship is blighting to the conveyance of an esthetic experience. The poet has no right to use rhetoric or polemics: his art demands at least a basic sympathy from his audience. If it be not there, he cannot awaken it. A poem on the Blessed Sacrament may be instinct with grace and nobility; it falls short of conveying even the shadow of the author's perceptions if his reader be unsympathetic.

Yet, granted only that his initial powers are of a high order, the Catholic poet should produce the stuff of immortality—if he follow his faith, blindly and with pain, holding his pen.

In trust to art, not serving lust or shame.

Recognition will in all probability never reach him in his own lifetime. And for the responsibility of this he can look to the men and women without a deliberate faith who have educated an audience like themselves, content with the dust of art and a far image of beauty.

## FIRST READING

IN every group of children there is a Terry. He is, like Chesterton's poet, a cross between an archangel and Balaam's ass, although his experience lacks the definiteness of the archangelic and the asinine. He is completely baffled by the complexities of life because he has not lost his original simplicity. Sometimes he wanders through the Fifth Grade just as he will through life, wondering if he has just missed something; sometimes he remains in the happier state of the Third Grade, unaware that there is more to living than being cared for by his mother and father.

Terry McCabe was wandering through the Fifth Grade, impressed by his four older brothers, all leaders in their classes, with the fact that he was a "dumb bunny." To Terry, school was at first a hideous demon, holding him in painful clutches from nine to three, turning him over to the maneuvering of an anxious teacher intent on subject-matter rather than on the human beings in her care. By the end of the Fourth Grade he had decided that school was merely a place where you sat five hours, letting talk roll over you like water pouring out of a shower.

Fifth Grade stretched before him as another test of endurance, until his teacher sent him to help in the cafeteria. His brothers had predicted that he would be too dumb to work the way they did when he got to Fifth. Just being sent made him so proud that he worked with startling efficiency, emptying garbage at just the right moment, returning silver to the trays, stacking dishes in even piles. No boy dared to eat his hot dog leaving his bun while Terry walked around the tables waiting to crumb them; and not even Jackson, the star half-back, was brave enough to forget his empty coke bottle with Terry policing the aisles.

But the classroom was still a terrible ordeal. He spent hours on arithmetic papers, arranging examples so that they resembled perfect specimens of long division, only to find that the numbers he had

put in the quotient were never the same as the ones Joe Brown put on the blackboard. His teacher could not bear the hurt look on Terry's freckled face; so she would check his paper.

At the monthly reading of marks he brought his card to her. "Miss Green"—he hesitated a little, squirming; it was a supreme effort for him to approach any adult—"I always used to get D's. Is this any better?" He pointed to the C's she had advanced him in the Fifth Grade subjects and to the A in effort. For the rest of the day, he sat poised for flight, waiting for the signal that would free him to take the card home.

After that, everything quickened for Terry. He wanted to read; he wanted to sing; he wanted to draw. He realized that he could get approval, the spur for all human action. He spent hours on a drawing, generously spreading red and yellow on the paper, evidently a picture of a teacher showing numbers to her class. It didn't satisfy him. His teacher praised it, but Terry interrupted her quickly lest she think this amateur attempt a finished piece. "This ain't you, Miss Green. I'm only practising. This is just the teacher I had last year. She ain't so nice." More than anything else, he wanted to read; and it seemed impossible for him to learn. If one day it seemed that he could recognize the word "run," the next day he had lost the association.

One day Miss Green showed him Reed Kinert's latest book on warplanes. She knew he was interested in bombers; she had seen him standing in the school-yard countless times with his head at such an angle, spotting bombers, that she marveled it still turned normally on his neck. "Gosh," he said, taking one look at the dramatic airplane pictures, and dashed over to the withdrawal desk, and then back to where Miss Green was sitting. He settled himself beside her and handed her the book. "We can read this one together," he told her. "My mother always said there were some nice books."

It was Miss Hodges, the Librarian, who had the most interesting experience with Terry. About three weeks before Christmas he was returning *Aircraft Carriers*. It was overdue, and his crest-fallen look as he handed the librarian fifty cents to take out his three-cent fine made her ask what bothered him. "Aw, I just got that fifty cents to get a present for Miss Green. Now I can't get her what I wanted." Miss Hodges decided that the library fund could wait until after Christmas. This was too important for Terry. She handed back the fifty cents. "Better get Miss Green the present and pay the fine later." "Gosh," he said, "Gosh, Miss, you're a real fella." He managed a "thank you," and then, in a sudden burst of confidence, he added: "You know Miss Green she likes dumb guys, only gee—" here he hesitated a little—"you know I ain't as dumb with her as I used to be with other teachers." Miss Hodges watched him go to the airplane section of the shelves, a typical ten-year-old, perfectly secure in the feeling that somewhere there was a place for him in the world, simply because Miss Green didn't think he was such a "dumb bunny."

SISTER DOLORICE

# BOOKS

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## PEACE-PLAN SHELF

**CRUSADE FOR PAN-EUROPE.** By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50

NO book on postwar Europe comes to us with greater authority than this masterly work of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi. His life is a veritable dedication to the task of organizing European peace. Since 1924, his organization has enjoyed the support of such eminent continental statesmen as Briand, Stresemann and Churchill. Periodicals, scholarly studies, speeches, memoranda, conventions and Pan-Europe Congresses under his inspiring direction stand as the measure of his contribution to the prime political problem of our day. What he tells us, then, in this latest book, cannot be overlooked by anyone interested in the international scene.

A charming essay in autobiography opens the story and runs on as a background throughout the argument. The son of a Bohemian noble and a Japanese noblewoman—a marriage made in Tokyo while the father represented imperial Austria-Hungary in pre-World War I days—the author draws his inheritance from a wide range of world figures, including Russian, Crete and Germanic forebears whose legacy was a mixture of high personal ideals and a definitely international outlook. His early manhood placed him in Vienna during the post-Versailles period. There he decided to throw all the powers of his well trained mind and of his unique social position into the crusade whose forces are still marching forward toward the goal of permanent European peace.

For the present he lives in America. Currently he directs the Research Seminar on a Post-War European Federation, in New York University. The book represents in a very real sense the findings of that Seminar to date.

"Pan-Europe" can be but briefly indicated in these few lines. With Switzerland as a model—a land made up of three diverse nationalities, with differing languages, religions, customs, yet embodying a remarkable harmony of life within a democratic frame of government—the author has drawn the plan for European federation. He postulates an economic union of European nations, a monetary union, colonial cooperation, a federal army and a common foreign policy. Because some strong nuclei of force are needed to repel such force-movements as the Nazi conquest, he urges full independence for Britain and the United States—Russia throughout is considered as Asiatic in its sphere and hence beyond this regional group scheme—so that these powerful countries may be able to rally a quick and competent counter-force to preserve Europe against a sudden onslaught from any internal explosion.

Criticism of the plan should not imply belittling the crusade that for a generation has labored to unify Europe. Various unmanageable factors, principally belligerent nationalism unchecked by any sense of a supranational juridical order, combined to block its success before 1939. The reviewer feels that the scheme still needs further consideration before it could be called workable. In particular, no space is given to a discussion of the possible rise of some new "ism" which might engulf enough sectors of Pan-Europe to overthrow its government. And, unless the author believes in an absolute liberalism with no sense of ultimate values, he would not expose his Federation to dissolution at the hands of utterly unsocial forces which might attempt such a revolution. A reliance on democratic reform is sound, provided that reform does not forsake certain inalienable rights of mankind.

On a few minor points the book must face severe attack. To Americans who know in what percentage

Catholic youth is giving—and has given—its life for its country's cause, it is utterly unrealistic to write (pages 173-174) that Catholics are by disposition Fascists, undemocratic, and that their leadership is a hierarchy perpetuated by an undemocratic minority. It takes a long time for a visitor to come to understand our American scene, but one of our true contributions to a world view is the distinction between politics and religion. Our statesmen may or may not be deeply religious, but in political decisions they speak and act as Americans, not as representing any religious group. And to tell us (same page) that Calvinists were democratic is a bit too much for a historian to swallow. James Westfall Thompson was authority for the view that "no blacker cloud ever crossed this earth than the figure of Calvin." Is there similar unrealism in the remark (page 249) on the "primitive medieval belief that God gives victory to the good and defeat to the bad"? Or was John Calvin forgotten that time? Regarding the "oppression" of Huguenots, the writings of Franklin Charles Palm might offer some needed corrective data. There is a vast overestimate of the "federal" character of the Pan-American Union.

But a distinct disservice to the cause of this crusade is the dichotomy of Protestant democrats and Catholic authoritarians (page 173). To some extent Protestants have shown themselves politically more alert than their Catholic fellows. A sound probing of this situation might reveal its cause in a real or assumed other-worldliness that fails to furnish proper political motivation to every individual Catholic. To go farther, and make of Catholics disbelievers in democracy, defies so much plain American and European history that one wonders if an acquaintance with the works of Carleton J. H. Hayes might not be in place. Despite the devout Catholicism of the author and his breadth of experience and of knowledge, he has here fallen into an error of serious magnitude, both for the strategy of his objective and for sound seminar results. Nonetheless, it is earnestly to be desired that this volume be studied by every American who aims to do his part in framing a peaceful post-war world.

W. EUGENE SHIELS

## PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING PEACE

**PHILOSOPHIES AT WAR.** By Fulton J. Sheen. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2

EVERY American who can read should read this book. And, most of all, it should be available to soldiers in the library of every Training Center. For it can do what a hundred armored divisions and a sky full of planes can never accomplish. It can make crystal clear—to the intelligence of the ordinary man—just why we are fighting this war, what the issues are which hang in the balance, and the terrible difference that there can be between merely "winning the war" and a real "victory." Our guns and planes can win the war. But this little book has within itself the priceless stuff that can save our country and our civilization.

We are now in the midst of a revolution as well as a war. The war is but the military phase of the deeper, more ultimate struggle that is shaking the world we have known. The future of America and democracy will be decided finally by the outcome of the revolution. This is the author's burning message—and it will be hard for the thoughtful reader, at the end of his reading, to deny its truth.

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"I should like to end this apology—for it is clearly such—with a word of profound thanks to the Catholic schoolchildren, and particularly to the Catholic Sisters, of the United States, who have memorized, recited and quoted so many of the pieces contained in this little book. There are times when I feel this reward has been the greatest happiness I have ever experienced as a writer."

L. F.

If there be pale princesses,  
And ragged royalty;  
And monarchs without money,  
And pompless pedigree;  
  
And queens without courtiers  
And kings without crowns,  
Lord, make me laureate  
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that the individual is the tool of the group, political or racial or economic. The Secularist idea is warring with more skilful weapons to enthrone the principle that man is just a well developed animal, responsible to no God or moral law. The Christian ideal (and with it the Jewish ideal, in which are its historical roots, concurs) is fighting for the survival and rejuvenation of the religious principle upon which all democratic values are based—the principle that God created all men equal and free, for the attainment of a sublime happiness within the framework of a Divine moral law.

The revolutionary struggle cuts across the fronts of the military struggle. The flag of "democracy" flies over the revolutionary barricades; but the enemies of democracy are in furious struggle for its destruction on both sides of the barricades. Might will decide the war. But the principle that "might makes right" is the death-knell of democracy; and it is under the banner of that ultimate principle that Totalitarianism and Secularism are fighting the revolution. If the Christian idea, for which Americans by the thousands are now dying, loses the revolution—then we might just as well have lost the war. Democracy will be dead.

Revolution is a battle of ideas. Philosophies go to war not only on the battlefields but, most of all, in the institutions of mankind's normal life. The chief merit of this book lies not in the extreme clarity with which it draws the fundamental principles which are in conflict, but in the detail and forcefulness with which it describes and analyzes the manifestations of the conflict. Its chapters trace the varying fortunes of the struggle in our civil life, our education, our family life, our science and culture, our pleasures. The recital is shocking but—such is the genius of the author—the reader will feel himself cleansed and invigorated in the flood of illumination which it brings. Light can be very healing to men whose wounds stem more from mistakes than from malice.

For what are we fighting? We are fighting for something which the mere military victory will not win. Just what it is has never been told more eloquently, more convincingly, or more fairly than in the pages of *Philosophies at War*.

JOSEPH BLUETT

## PLEASANT FAMILY SAGA

THOSE WERE THE DAYS. By Edward Ringwood Hewitt. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3

THIS is a thoroughly American book of recollections that go back to the very beginning of this country's history. Mr. Edward Ringwood Hewitt, who gives a most delightful account of his long and busy life in *Those Were the Days*, is now seventy-seven years old and is still working many hours a day on his hobbies and inventions. He and his lovely wife celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary in 1942. He says that this is not an autobiography, but a series of sprightly tales told around the fireside.

John Hewitt, Edward's grandfather, came to this country from England in 1796. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated Peter Cooper, whose ancestors came here in 1662. His wife's family, the Ashleys, settled in North Carolina in the seventeenth century, so that they are truly an American family. Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Union in New York, lived to be ninety-two. He remembered the memorial held in New York upon the death of George Washington; he also saw Thomas Jefferson. Peter Cooper and his young grandson, Edward, were the greatest friends and, as he says, these two lives, in point of time, span the whole history of the United States, as a nation.

Like a patriarch, Mr. Cooper lived in a big house in Gramercy Park in New York, with his children and grandchildren. The three boys were indefatigable in their pranks. They were different from modern children, because they invented or designed and made all the paraphernalia for their practical jokes and games. Their grandfather would give them money for tools, but not

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By WALTER JOHN MARX, Ph.D.  
The Catholic University of America

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THIS BOOK is a semi-popular analysis of the shortcomings of capitalism, of the causes of the modern breakdown in the social and economic order, and of the possible trends in the future. The standpoint of the author is sociological rather than pure economic. The analysis is carried out, if not originally, at least thoughtfully and competently. The author rightly stresses that the shortcomings of capitalism are not something incidental and external to it, but inherent in its nature. Therefore, its breakdown is due not to a historical accident but has been generated by the forces of capitalism itself. In this way the author happily synthesizes the Marxian standpoint with that of the Papal encyclicals.

As to the way out of the present crisis, the author is semi-hopeful: if a profound religious revival occurs; if with it the family is reintegrated; if a deep ethical renaissance takes place; then a democratic re-organization of society along the lines of an ethical guild-socialism is possible. Otherwise, a form of totalitarianism is hardly avoidable.

One may disagree with some of the views of the author, but this does not hinder the book from constituting stimulating and thought-provoking reading for a large circle of intelligent readers.

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN (*Harvard University*)  
*In The American Sociological Review*

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While you are reading an interesting anecdote or chuckling to yourself over a gay little prank, you have the urge to tell everyone around you all about it. But you can not do the story justice that way; it is all too involved in the charming personality of Edward Hewitt. Your listeners will just have to borrow or buy the book for themselves, and read every line of it for full enjoyment and for appreciation of the pioneer families who helped to build America.

CATHERINE MURPHY

ROAD'S END. By Mary Douglas. Bruce Humphries, Inc. \$2.50

IN this gentle sketch we share the dreams, fancies and memories of Monsignor Michael Carling during the last days of his life. Sometimes he was conscious of the present: the cool hand of his nurse on his forehead; the red roses on the little Communion table by his bed; the picture of Bossuet on his wall. Sometimes his mind was perturbed even in delirium by things which had long troubled him: the decadence and paganism in the world; the problems of children living in slums; the dearth of right principles and pure ideals. But most of the time memories of his childhood days—particularly of his beloved twin sister, Norrie—made his last days peaceful; once again he roamed the fields around the old farmhouse in East Meadow, Ontario; he attended the ordination of his brother John; he felt the warm happiness and security of a home with beloved parents.

The book is a tribute to an old friend of the author's; it is a short book (150 pages); it is not exciting or important; it is a delicate, skilfully wrought biography in miniature.

MARY L. DUNN

MODERN WARFARE. By General Wladyslaw Sikorski. Roy Publishers, N. Y. \$3.50

GENERAL SIKORSKI was the late Prime Minister of Poland, who died in an air accident last July. This book is a posthumous publication. It is undated, but the internal evidence indicates that it was written in 1934 and 1935. It is therefore a pre-war view of what the author believed the forthcoming war, which he fore-saw, would be like.

Sikorski was remarkably accurate in his predictions. He foretold the destruction of cities by bombing, and suggested means as to how to save the inhabitants. His idea of underground streets, and widely-spaced buildings of the skyscraper type, may appear fantastic, but it is a basis for discussion as to how our great cities must be reconstructed.

The employment of large air forces, the replacement of horsed cavalry by armored troops, the increase of the artillery, and other changes from past wars were foretold, and have been borne out by the events of the current war.

*Modern Warfare* is worth reading. It shows that some military men did know beforehand about the changes in war which modern inventions have brought about.

CONRAD H. LANZA

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MEN OF MARYKNOLL. By Rev. James Keller and Meyer Berger. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2

THE Foreign Mission Apostolate, like the hierarchical organization of the Catholic Church, is many-sided, and all the parts or aspects of it are interdependent and necessary in varying degrees. Missionary congregations and their founders are providentially directed to train their members more especially for one or more aspects of the Missionary Apostolate and to emphasize in action

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Hundreds, yes, thousands, of missionaries are still needed for the mission fields of the Church. Hoping for the widest circulation possible among the Catholic youth of America, we feel that this book, in harmony with God's grace, definitely should attract and win countless mission vocations necessary for that apostolate which is Maryknoll's.

JOHN J. O'FARRELL

**MAJORITY RULE AND MINORITY RIGHTS.** By *Henry Steele Commager*. Oxford University Press. \$1.50  
THE function—and effect—of judicial review is to give or deny judicial sanction to an act passed by a majority of a legislative body and approved by an executive. For years Catholics and other minority groups have comforted themselves with the realization that if their religious rights are ever threatened by iniquitous laws they can have effective redress from the United States Supreme Court. This is what took place in the celebrated Oregon School Case. The power of the Court to invalidate legislative acts which it judges against the Bill of Rights, or otherwise unconstitutional, has been considered by minorities as a precious jewel in the constitutional traditions of the country.

The distinguished historian of Columbia University is against judicial review. It is not Jeffersonian democracy:

The philosophical basis of judicial review is undemocratic. The purpose of judicial review is to restrain majorities. The assumption behind judicial review is that the people either do not understand the Constitution or will not respect it, and that the courts do understand the Constitution and will respect it.

The author is not against the rights of minorities; he realizes that our Government is designed to protect certain inalienable rights from invasion even by the majority. But he does not see that the courts are the proper agencies for protecting the rights of minorities. He thinks that the legislative bodies have enough self-respect not to invade minority rights, and that in the last analysis the people can be trusted not to impose its tyrannical will on the few.

The subject of judicial review has been tossed back and forth for years. On this occasion it is enough to remind minority groups that if a certain section of legal theorizers have their way, there will no longer be any recourse to the United States Supreme Court for redress of legislative wrongs.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

**JOSEPH BLUHM** is Professor of Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

**CATHERINE MURPHY**, of Los Angeles, has been on AMERICA's reviewing staff for a good number of years.

**JOHN J. O'FARRELL**, Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, has labored in the China mission field.

[Correction. The price of *Flower of Evil*, by Edwin Morgan (Sheed and Ward), is \$2.50, not \$3, as given last week.]

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PERSISTENCE of a creative artistic ability in the successive generations of a family is an interesting thing to encounter. Both the technical foothold this gives to the younger generation, and the limitation that comes from the mixture of parental with artistic respect, are apt to appear in such cases. In all artistic work, however, there are traces of a struggle between liberating and inhibiting forces. In cases such as this—of a strong family tradition in art—the struggle becomes more necessary if the descendant and practitioner is to escape the hampering effects of such a tradition and develop an individual trend.

Evidence of this struggle seems to be apparent in the work of the painter, Thomas LaFarge, which is now being shown at the Century Association at 7 West 43rd Street. He was a son of Bancel LaFarge, well known as a mural painter, whose work was characterized by reticence and dignity, and grandson of John LaFarge, who is such an important figure in the history of American art.

This exhibition of a member of the third artistic generation of the LaFarge family is a memorial to the artist, who was lost at sea while serving in the present war. That he should have been cut off at a time when his full power appeared to be emerging, is a regrettable and saddening thing.

The exhibition is largely made up of water colors, sketches and decorative designs. These last include the studies made for the frescoes which the artist installed in Saint Matthew's Cathedral in Washington. They are in the Saint Francis Chapel and, as fresco is a medium with a special character as wall decoration, one in which craftsmanship plays a very important part, examination of these in place is recommended as leading to greater enjoyment of their quality. The water colors and drawings that are shown give ample evidence of the artist's sense of the media in each instance, and indicate his search for an artistic treatment that would be more completely in accord with his personal qualities. In this time of artistic movements and cults, with the tendency among painters to resort to an adopted manner—often as if it were borrowed plumage—the innate modesty of this work gives it a refreshing genuineness, too seldom found today.

Interestingly enough, it is his sketches for mosaics in Saint Matthew's Cathedral which seem to point the direction his future work would possibly have taken. A fresh synthesis of form and color appear in them, and that insistence on detail, which lessens the vigor of his earlier things, has been replaced by a resolution of artistic elements so as to form a unity in which detail is happily subordinated. These were painted in 1936 and, while designed for use in an architectural setting, they evidence an approach to freedom in expression that should have led the young painter to a vital and fresh type of art.

Something of this more recent freedom is apparent in his purely pictorial compositions, such as the water color, *Beach at Tom Nevers Head*, and the very interesting oil, *Bank Holiday*. The latter, painted in 1935, has much of the fulness of color and form which shows so agreeably in the mosaic designs, and they both promise an escape into a painting manner in which the artist would have given expression to an innate sense of the richness and variety in life, and of form and color in relation to it.

As Thomas LaFarge's great interest seems to have been the vital decoration of churches, it is to be regretted that his early death terminated a career of such unique promise in a field badly in need of artists who combine this creative quality with a deep religious concept and feeling.

BARRY BYRNE

# THEATRE

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**CARMEN JONES.** Billy Rose's all-Negro version of *Carmen* is on at the Broadway Theatre and may truthfully be said to have got away to a superb start. There is little question that it will hold the Broadway's stage and pack the theatre for months to come, and that it will enchant every spectator except those standpatters who like their opera straight. Theatregoers with adaptable minds and a sense of humor will smile or chuckle or roar with laughter over the new version of the old opera, and many of them will do all three.

Let me add at once that the music of *Carmen* remains undefiled and lovely, and that most of it is beautifully sung, especially by the chorus and several of the principals. The best of the soloists is Carlotta Franzell as "Cindy Lou," the girl "Joe" deserts. Her voice is really lovely. The alternating Carmens, Muriel Smith and Muriel Rahn, also have admirable voices. So has Luther Saxon, who sings "Joe" much better than he acts him.

Oscar Hammerstein has taken all kinds of liberties in his new libretto. The bull fighter in *Carmen* has become a prize fighter; Carmen herself is a worker in a Southern (American) parachute factory; Don José is "Joe," who deserts from the military police to take Carmen to Chicago, where he and she die spectacularly against the background of a prize fight! For the tragic finish of the original, like its music, has been retained.

It is a bit disconcerting to opera lovers to hear the Toreador's song transformed into *Stand up and Fight*, the *Habanera* made over into *Dat's Love*, and the *Seguidilla* edited into *Dere's a Café on de Corner*. The famous quintette has become *Wizzin Along the Track* and fits perfectly into the rhythm of a moving train, to mention only a few striking examples of what has happened to the text. But after the spectator has drawn several long, deep breaths, he becomes used to this sort of thing and yields to the spell.

For the story of the new production is pure *Carmen Jones*, and the acting is naturally the expression of the story. In short, *Carmen* is transformed from a Spanish opera into an American Negro legend, presented by Negroes who can sing and dance and act, and who are utterly happy every moment they are on the stage.

An interesting bit of editing to which only the most settled "old-timers" will object is the change of the recitatives in the opera to straight dialog. Audiences are further interested in the press revelation that Escamillo, billed as the prize-fighter, is in private life Glenn Bryant, a member of the New York police force, temporarily released from his regular job for this engagement through the kind offices of Mayor LaGuardia, a patron of the arts as most of us know. Bryant certainly looks his new part. He is a six-footer of powerful build, and incidentally he has a good voice.

A large number of workers has helped in the achievement at the Broadway Theatre. Billy Rose has given it a superb production. Oscar Hammerstein wrote what experts consider a brilliant new libretto, and Charles Friedman directed it. The offering and the sets are designed by Howard Bay. The costumes are by Raoul Pene duBois, and the choreography is by Eugene Loring. Choral and orchestral direction are in the hands of Robert Shaw and Joseph Littau, and the orchestral arrangements were made by Robert Russel Bennett.

It appears to be a case where a great many cooks have made a very successful theatrical broth. Incidentally, I almost forgot to mention the admirable ballet and the elaborate night-club scene in *Carmen Jones* which Mr. Hammerstein must have tossed in purely through love of us. Many spectators would assure you these are the most stunning parts of the new offering. Perhaps they are, for "stunning" is the word that best describes *Carmen Jones* as a whole.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

# FILMS

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**THE GANG'S ALL HERE.** This musical runs absolutely true to the Twentieth Century-Fox formula for such entertainment. A de-luxe cast, lavish ensembles with dances arranged by Busby Berkeley (who, incidentally, directed the production), gay fun, tuneful music played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra—all these have been blended together, with dazzling technicolor setting off the whole. As too often happens, the spectacular presentation is short on one thing—a story. The sketchy plot is concerned mostly with the disentangling of the romantic adventures of a soldier who goes off to war, leaving behind him two girls who consider themselves his fiancées. Alice Faye is a night-club prima donna and James Ellison is the rich man's son, a sergeant, who falls for her though he is engaged to Sheila Ryan. There is never a moment's doubt that all will be straightened out to everyone's satisfaction, and it eventually is. Carmen Miranda adds much to the hilarity as a comedienne who dances and sings and talks as only she can. Phil Baker, Eugene Pallette, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton are some of the cast who give fine performances and help along the merry nonsense. Adults who are diverted by a tinselled variety parade and do not demand much in the way of plot will very probably find this picture to their liking. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**THE SONG OF RUSSIA.** Another episode has been added to a current tendency, the celluloid glorification of Russia at war. Like its fictional predecessors, the Soviet is painted as a land of happy, guileless people, almost childlike in their simplicity. The aura of beneficence with which Hollywood insists on surrounding each and every Russian has become cloying, to say the least. Into this altruistic, very candid environment comes an American symphony-orchestra conductor who meets and marries a native daughter. The war interrupts their musical adventures, but the man refuses to allow it to separate him from his bride even when it entails untold hardships and sufferings with the dauntless villagers. Robert Taylor is passable but never too convincing as the maestro, while Susan Peters does as well as can be expected with an unconvincing characterization. There is no objection to the whole family's seeing this one, though it may not rate a very high place high on their list of entertainment for the Christmas season. (MGM)

**THE DESERT SONG.** By injecting Nazi agents and making the hero an American pianist who has seen fighting in Spain, the plot of this operetta has been modernized without hurting it one bit. The fundamental tale of adventure and revolt among the Riffs remains intact. Dennis Morgan and Irene Manning have the leading roles and satisfy, particularly in rendering the ever popular songs. Though this technicolor musical has much to offer in its type of entertainment—particularly such songs as *One Alone*, *Desert Song* and the *Riff Song*—it is regrettable that objection must be made to a suggestive dance sequence. (Warner Brothers)

**SPIDER WOMAN.** Our intrepid friend Sherlock Holmes rounds up a gang of insurance thieves headed by the title character. Nine suspicious suicides are revealed as murders perpetrated upon people in financial difficulties who sell their policies to the crooks only to be killed later by means of a poisonous spider. Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce and Gale Sondergaard handle the leading parts in a suitable manner. All those members of the family who follow this series will want to see their detective hero's newest adventure. (Universal)

MARY SHERIDAN



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## SUBSIDIES AND INFLATION

EDITOR: In your editorial of November 6, *Morals and the Black Market*, your argument depends on an economic viewpoint which I think unfounded.

The train of economic thought seems to be this: 1) Inflation is a grave danger. 2) Being such an evil, it should be averted. 3) The Government has taken measures aimed at averting it. 4) These measures can avert it. 5) But violators of these measures "will do their share and a large share in bringing inflation to this land." 6) To avert this calamity requires firm action on the part of every citizen.

I take it that the Editors believe in the substance of propositions 4 and 5. They were apparently writing about price inflation, which is the subject of the day. They may believe that other measures would help, of course, but I infer that rationing and price control bulk largely in their minds as the most important of all things to do.

For my part I hold that these policies are quite useless in averting inflation. For they do nothing to counteract the causes whose effects are registered in prices. Even if the regulations were fully obeyed by every citizen, the inflation would still go on. Every subsidy, every raise in price ceilings, is tacit admission that the efforts along price control are futile. Instead of controlling the rise in prices, these actions simply confirm its existence.

I distinguish between the functions of rationing and price control. Rationing is intended to distribute goods and prevent hoarding. But the methods used permit you to eat your steak and hoard it too, if you have a frozen storage. Ration coupons are just another kind of money, and are increasing price inflation on that account. Every coupon issued to restaurants tends to stimulate the buying of rationed goods, for one example, because the diner-out does not have to surrender any coupons. All quite nice and legal, but certainly it is also all inflationary.

I maintain that subsidies are increasing the real inflationary forces and are merely false fronts that hide the facts from the public. Low ceilings on meats created the shortage and black markets, when we had more food animals than ever in our history. Oil shows a similar story.

Price-control policies have always failed elsewhere because they contravened well-reasoned economic principles. A presumption for their failure here is likewise well founded.

Because the point of your Editorial depends to so great an extent on these matters, I feel that it is not altogether correct.

Cincinnati, Ohio

ERNEST F. DUBRUL

[AMERICA agrees with its correspondent that price control and rationing are insufficient of themselves, though not worthless in controlling inflation as a war economy. We have consistently maintained that the Administration's seven-point anti-inflation program must, to be fully effective, be taken as a whole. Accordingly, we have advocated, along with strict rationing and price controls, increased war-bond purchases and higher taxes, since these measures strike at the root of price inflation—the excess purchasing power in the hands of consumers. Despite mistakes in the rationing- and price-control programs, these programs have helped notably to keep prices within bounds and to distribute goods equitably. We agree that subsidies are inflationary, but they are less inflationary, if wisely used, than the price increases and resultant effects on wages and costs which would

follow if they were now discontinued. The basis of the moral argument for observing price ceilings is the just price. The law of supply and demand has been largely superseded by Government controls. Moralists agree that in these circumstances the official price, in the present emergency, is presumably the just price. Editor]

## REMAILING APOSTOLATE

EDITOR: Every Catholic should be indebted to AMERICA for its courage in setting forth the principles of Christianity and denouncing fearlessly individuals, organizations, nations, when attempts are made to force God completely away from our modern world.

The Catholic Press has a tremendous obligation to teach—an obligation it (and, again, AMERICA in particular) is carrying out laudably. But there are many people in missionary districts of our country who have not come under the influence of the Catholic Press.

Here at Saint Meinrad we have devised an apostolic plan designed to spread Catholic literature. People who subscribe to magazines, papers, etc. and desire to enter into the work of the "paper apostolate" send us their names and addresses, informing us of the number of Catholic publications subscribed to. We then send them an address (or addresses) to which they re-mail them each week or month.

Cognizant of the tremendous Catholic vigor flowing from AMERICA's pens, we are very anxious to see it penetrate everywhere.

We most eagerly ask all AMERICA readers to join us in our re-mailing scheme. By so doing they will be helping to return Christ to the individual, to the home and, thence, to world society. God wills it!

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JOHN F. MURPHY  
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## SHALL WE?

EDITOR: Permit me to tell you how delighted I was on reading in the December 18 issue what you say about the use of *shall* and *will*.

In the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* (October, 1941), I tried to explain the correct use of these two auxiliaries. The article had the title: "Some Blemishes in the Revised New Testament." And in the September issue of the same year I commenced to find fault with this new translation.

Naturally what I wrote had the approval of Father Callan, O.P., especially since he said practically the same in the December, 1941, issue, when he criticized the New Testament done into Basic English, and lamented that *shall* does not appear in it.

Kokomo, Ind.

(REV.) F. JOS. MURCH

P.S. What a delightful "convert story"—that by Mr. Case (AMERICA, December 18). I am only twenty miles from Peru, Indiana. That assistant priest may have been Brigadier General, Msgr. Wm. R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army, for he was located in Peru as assistant priest, commencing 1908.

F. J. M.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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# THE WORD

NEW YEAR'S Day reminds us that we need never despair, either of ourselves or of any other human being. We can always begin anew. In fact we are always beginning anew. Every year, every month, every week, every day, every hour is a new beginning. It is not only a new beginning; it may be a new life if we care to make it so. It is perhaps one of those intimations of immortality that some poet speaks of, this always beginning anew. It makes life as short as we care to make it, yet it makes it also deathless, immortal.

We need only live for the moment, for the day, for the week. "Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray; keep me from sin just for today." In the *Our Father*, we ask "Give us this day our daily bread." The past is behind us. We may be sorry for it, but we know that it does little good to go rooting among the bones of forgiven sins in the graveyard of the past, and we leave the past trustingly in the keeping of Our Lord. The future is not yet ours. We may never have to live it. We certainly cannot live it before its time. That leaves us only the present, and at the end of any minute, any week, we begin again until the day that men call death, which is in reality the great beginning of Eternal Life.

It seems extremely simple, doesn't it? And yet so great is this gift of always beginning anew that Christ had to come on earth and live and die to gain it for us. If Christ had not come, man could not have ever begun anew. He would have been caught in a rut of his own making. If Christ had not been born, life would have been a hopeless floundering in the mud of sin, and death a final swallowing up in unforgiven and unforgivable sin. Nothing could have saved us from our sin. Nothing could have given us grace and courage to begin anew, for there would have been no Jesus, and "there is no other name under heaven given to man whereby we must be saved."

But Christ came and with Him came the new beginning, the new life in which all of us continually begin anew. Christ came and offered Himself in the temple, and for the first of many million times the name of Jesus was flung against the gates of heaven. Christ came and for the first time the name of Jesus ascended "with a pleasing fragrance" before the throne of God; and the name of Jesus was the name of Man, and God smiled on the man that was Jesus, and all men knew a chance to begin again in the smile of God. Christ came and offered Himself on the Cross, a bloody sacrifice, a spotless sacrifice, that in the blood-red spotlessness of that sacrifice the sinful past should die and only the future should remain alive, and that future should be a sinless rebeginning.

And so it was, but we are men and we are weak, and our sinful past must always be dying and a new sinless future always opening up before us. The name of Jesus must always be between us and death, and the Church bids us send all our prayers to God "through Jesus Christ our Lord," bids us use the lips of Christ to speak our prayers for us. Christ and His Church must be always renewing the Holy Sacrifice of Calvary "for my numberless sins, offenses and negligences." Christ must be daily offering us His own Body and Blood "that no stain of sin may remain in me whom the pure and holy Sacraments have renewed."

"In the beginning was the Word," begins the Gospel of Saint John that ends the Mass. With the Word Made Flesh within us, let us make a good beginning of the new beginning that is this New Year. With Christ in the Mass, offer to God every moment of the entire year. Day by day throughout the year renew this beginning which also is the perfect ending of all we think and do and say: "We offer Thee, O Lord . . . through Jesus Christ, Thy Son."

J. P. D.

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MAN, say the philosophers a little bleakly, is a rational animal; and it makes a bothering mixture. We find animality much easier than rationality. We are quite good at animality and very much attached to it; while we are not very good at rationality and not attached to it at all.

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All four are lives of rational animals, differently bothered by the human mixture. All four of them had a passion for truth; all four had another passion besides, rooted in animality. With St. Augustine and Baudelaire it was lust; with St. Colmcille it was rage (serving pride); with Chesterton it was wine—not mastering him as the other three were for a time mastered, but present and a threat, for other men have been mastered by it.

Irishmen in particular should read Robert Farren's great poem—which is in fact seventy poems dovetailed—on St. Colmcille, the man who loved God and had to wrestle with pride and the heat of anger. This man, says Robert Farren, was Ireland. Was he? Let the Irish decide. But merely reading the poem is a testing; if you think that Irish music means "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," you won't read Farren, and in the real Ireland you would be lost.

If St. Augustine reads English, he may not think much of F. J. Sheed's new translation of his *Confessions*. But readers who have not had ordinary writing spoilt for them by reading St. Augustine's Latin will get along well enough with it. He is the most fascinating of our quartette; the perfect illustration of the great truth about holiness—that it is not the absence of sin but the right direction of great energies.

Of our four men, Baudelaire and St. Augustine are the closest to each other in natural equipment and special temptation. They were both poets and philosophers (though in different proportions), both found lust standing in the way of the good life. Further, each was devoted to a devoted mother. But the mothers were different, which may have had something to do with the vast difference in the sons. To have read both is to realize man's need of God with new insistence.

Maisie Ward set out with the simple object of writing the life of Chesterton. She made her book on the supposition that readers wanted to meet Chesterton, not her. And this is a very rare kind of abnegation. She tells not what she thinks of him, but what he did and why he did it. She states his political views without feeling called upon to compare them unfavorably with her own; instead of analyzing his style, she quotes him at length. Not being either God, or that lesser judge posterity, she does not feel that she must express approval or disapproval. She thrusts no judgments at her reader; her aim is that he shall meet Chesterton and form his own.

Any rational animal who finds the two elements in himself difficult to handle might read these books and see what four extraordinary men did about the problem: for the ordinary man is just as damnable as the genius. But he may find it even more useful to read Wingfield Hope's book, *Life Together*. It is in the relations of the sexes, above all in marriage, that the spirit and the flesh must come to each other's aid. Either without the other could make only a travesty of marriage; but the balance is difficult since it means not a shading down of the energies of body and spirit but an intensification of both: the spirit must be very spiritual and the body very bodily. We thought *Life Together* a remarkable book when we saw the manuscript. We are surer of it now.

One more book must be mentioned—the last we managed to get out in time for Christmas. Father Leonard Feeney's *Omnibus* contains, besides much new matter, the cream of *Fish on Friday* and the other prose collections, of *In Towns and Little Towns* and the other collections of poems. There is enough art and philosophy and beauty in this book to equip three separate authors, and each one of them in the front rank.

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